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# АЭРОФЛОТ

*Soviet airlines*

## CONTENTS

Politics	What is Collective Security .....	27
People	Stepan at the Reindeer Festival .....	12
Law	Soviet Justice .....	32
Children	Palaces for the Privileged .....	114
Literature	In the Metro .....	39
Art	From Icons to Miniatures .....	74
	Ancient Armenian Art Secrets .....	110
	Soldier Scarecrows .....	156
	Matisse .....	161
Theatre	First International Ballet Competition .....	52
	Raissa Struchkova, Ballerina .....	98
Music	That Caring Conductor .....	108
Engineering	World's Largest Fishing Vessel .....	10
Science	Space Research — What Value to Us? .....	36
	Museum in the Frost .....	42
	Astronomers are Optimistic .....	91
Medicine	Is Your Meat Your Poison? .....	47
Entertainment	The Viola Collection of Oleg Bauder .....	51
	The Height of Fashion .....	64
	Numismatics .....	97
Sport	Dombai .....	66
	The Duel .....	111
	A Sembrero for a Sportsman .....	124
Nature	Skirmish with a Sperm-Whale .....	44
	The Fate of the Deer .....	85
Philology	A Man of Many Tongues .....	72
Philately	Old Russian Architecture on Stamps .....	94
Book Section	Flight to the Sun .....	128

## Letters to the Editor

I find your publication most absorbing, the pictorial lay-out most engrossing. Although I left old Russia before World War One, I have been back twice, the last time in the summer of 1966. I was there at that time as an interpreter for an American Peace group, the Citizens' Exchange Corps. I worked for them as a volunteer, trying to do my bit for peace for our two countries.

You may be interested to know that I have recently deposited my accumulation of SPUTNIKS in a very large library in New York City where they have a very extensive collection of Russian books. Your journal will be placed on the shelves for the general public able to read Russian. I hope this donation of mine will accrue in some subscriptions.

Nathan Gish, Brooklyn, N.Y., USA

There are three magazines that keep me informed of the day to day progress of the Soviet Union: SPUTNIK, SOVIET LIFE and NORTHERN NEIGHBOURS. In lecturing on the different Socialist countries, I have found them all useful in bringing me up-to-date on facts and figures. Audiences always ask if what I relate and cite are of the present day and time, or when I myself visited these Socialist Republics (twice actually — in 1959 and 1965), as my colour slides and movies are of the vintage of those visits. I have come to observe that audiences are much more interested in illustrated lectures, than just in plain talks. That is why of special interest to my audiences are colour illustrations and your commentary in SPUTNIK on different Soviet Republics and on life in the smaller

towns, non-catholic churches, children, etc.

Max Miller, Los Angeles, USA

In 1966 I had an opportunity to visit Moscow and Leningrad. I like them very much, especially Leningrad. So I read the articles about these cities with particular interest, and admire the colour illustrations, including the reproductions of works of art. Incidentally, I like all the articles in SPUTNIK — the only magazine which I read from cover to cover.

Kazimierz Szliska, Poland.

The humour in the superb story "The Murderer" by Grigory Gorin was wonderful (September 7, 1969).

Altogether SPUTNIK is wonderful. This is not a compliment, it is the sheer truth!

Marja Kopuszńska, Warsaw, Poland.

I liked your magazine from the very first. Your articles have plenty of meat in them, the colour illustrations are of a high quality and the letters from readers are interesting. This is not flattery. I subscribe to various magazines, but SPUTNIK is one of the most interesting. Your consideration for your readers is touching.

Trandafir Ion, Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

Just a few lines to thank you for the many interesting articles and photographs continued in your fine magazine. These present us with good examples of life in Russia today, as well as means to appreciate its culture, both past and present.

Vincent Collins, Berryville, Virginia USA

You may recall that when I wrote to you about a year ago, my wife

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and I were thinking of visiting Bukhara and Samarkand — we did go there and found the towns most interesting, not only from the historical and architectural point of view but because of the happy and contented people we met everywhere. We enjoyed our visit so much that we might even go again next year, or we may go to the Caucasus. With all good wishes to SPUTNIK and yourselves.

E. B. Osler, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England

I have been meaning to write for some time to congratulate you on your publication of SPUTNIK. I found your magazine very interesting reading. I was, however, disappointed in your natural photographs of the animals and forests, as in the December 1968 issue. I think if these photos were in colour it would have given a terrific lift to an already high class magazine. As an artist I love beauty, and nature is beautiful and should be displayed in colour wherever possible. Thank you for such a fine publication.

Richard Ryan, Dandenong, Victoria, Australia

I should very much like to know what is a "Russian stove?" What does it look like, how is it arranged inside, and what is it used for — heating or cooking? What does "sleeping on the stove" mean?

N. Shuskov, Kingston, Australia.

You can read an article on the Russian stove in a forthcoming issue of SPUTNIK.

(Ed.)

I should very much like to see SPUTNIK publish a pictorial article about the life and work of a Soviet woman-doctor who is interested in art and politics, and is bringing up her children.

I sincerely wish SPUTNIK'S Editorial Board great success and hope that your journal will win wide popularity throughout the world.

Zb. Altantsereg, Ulan Bator, Mongolia

**PEN-FRIENDS WANTED**

I would like to correspond in English. My age is 40. Varied interests: travel, music, theatre, opera, ballet.

Miss Barbara Searle, 1 Tyns Court, 71 Knollys Road, London, S.W.16, England

I would like to have pen-friends all over the world. I am 19 years old. My hobbies are literature, films, view cards. I know English and Arabic.

Ahmed Abbasi, Habib Bank Overseas Ltd., Manama, Bahrain

My age is 14. I am interested in sports and music — classical and pop. Collecting stamps and badges. I would be very glad to answer everyone who writes me in Russian, English and Bulgarian.

Ann Stoikova, 28 Felix Kanitz Street, Sofia — 5, Bulgaria

I would like to correspond with friends all over the world. I am 19 years old. My hobbies are collecting stamps, viewcards, photographs and magazines and I am fond of music.

Mohamed Mhemmed Al-Tikrity, Baik, Republic of Iraq

I attend Polytechnical School and my age is 20. I would like to have pen-friends all over the world, particularly in Sweden and Spain. My interests are sport, travel, photography and music. I can write in English, Dutch and German.

Andre H.F. Wann, Nieuwediuk 2, Kesteren (GLD), Netherlands

My age is 18 and I would very much like to correspond with friends from various countries of the world. I am studying at the Technical School of Economy and am very fond of modern music, sport, cinema and literature. I collect stamps and viewcards. I know Russian, English, German, Spanish and Polish.

Krzyszyna Owczarszak, ul. 1 Marcja 115, Biniogard, Poland

Continued on p. 8

# sputnik

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## Dear Reader,

**SPUTNIK** is a vital Soviet magazine. **SPUTNIK** introduces you to the best in Soviet magazines and newspapers — in condensed form. **SPUTNIK** tells you what people are talking about; the latest in science and mechanics, important political issues, economic problems, Soviet writers, travel in our country. **SPUTNIK** contains: picture stories · facts and figures · memoirs · fashions · recipes · humour. **SPUTNIK**: read — be informed! We welcome your questions, comments and suggestions which will be reported in the Letters Section of **SPUTNIK**.

Sincerely,  
The Editors

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I would like to make pen-friends with young people throughout the world. I am a college student interested in sports and collecting stamps and coins. I speak only English and my age is 21.

C. Kamesh, C.I. M. Street, Bellary 2,  
Mysore State, India

I want to have as many friends as possible. My hobbies are books, music and songs. I am 16 years old.

Birgit Jensen, Kalkager 22 I IV,  
360 Hvidovre, Sjælland, Denmark

I would like to have pen-friends all over the world and especially from Socialist countries. I am 20 years old. My hobbies are sport, viewcards, photos, stamps and ballet. I know Russian, English, Turkish and Arabic.

Jan Sarwar, 3rd floor, bldg - 18,  
Al-Aziziat Street, Shoua - Mubajreen,  
Damascus, Syria

My age is 17. I am interested in mathematics, physics, literature and history of arts. Can correspond in Russian, English, French and Bulgarian. I will answer all the letters as friendship is the best thing in human life.

Janet Ivanova Zheleva, ul. "Gegamada" 45,  
Sofia-15, Bulgaria

I am an Indian who has come to Ceylon to study. I am 17 years old. My hobbies are collecting stamps, viewcards and writing letters to pen-friends.

K.M.A. Miskeem Sahib, 46 Kannathiddy  
Road, Jaffna, Ceylon

I would like to correspond with young people from all over the world. I am 18 years old and my interests are painting, sport, music, viewcards and reading.

Hilary Clarke, The Redery, Strathally,  
Co. Waterford, Ireland

I am a 23 year old Indian boy and would like to have pen-friends from all over the world. My hobbies are pop songs, cricket playing, cinema, music, viewcards and magazines.

N.C. Dashi, P.O. Box 901, Omdurman,  
Sudan

My age is 16. I collect stamps and viewcards and I am fond of sport. Can correspond in English, Russian and German.

Tadeusz Szalatyński, ul. Lekieleka 16,  
Sopot, Poland

I am fond of pen-friendship. I am a University student aged 20. My interests are collecting stamps, photos and viewcards, photography, books, music and tennis.

Mohammad Arif, III - A 423,  
1st floor, Nazimabad, Karachi,  
West Pakistan

We are two boys of 16 and we want pen-friends from all over the world. We are interested in stamp collecting, F.D.C. and viewcards.

Asif G. Pasi, P.O. Box 350, Jinja, Uganda,  
East Africa  
Jayanti Patel, P.O. Box 336, Jinja,  
Uganda, East Africa

I am 18 and a student of Electrical Engineering. I know English and Hindi. My hobbies are pop music and Indian classical music, photography and reading.

M.P. Bhatia, 26/6 B.E. (Street) Ist,  
Regional Engineering College,  
Kurukshetra, (Haryana), India

I would very much like to have pen-friends all over the world. I am 23 years old and I study medicine. My interests are: collecting post cards, stamps and coins. I know English and Portuguese.

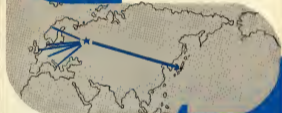
Antonio Helio Pinzan, UnB - Brasilia  
(D.F.), Brazil

I would like to correspond with young people from various countries and especially from Australia. I know Russian and Polish and a little worse English and Esperanto. My age is 16 and I am interested in stamps, photography, literature, viewcards and chess.

Bogdan Pankowski, Technikum  
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Otwock, Poland

I am an 18 year old college student. I deeply hope that through SPUTNIK I can win many friends.

Lilian Vilungro, 31 Tampoy Street,  
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EXPO'70

## World's Largest Fishing Vessel

from the newspapers  
SOVIETSKAYA ROSSIA and  
WATER TRANSPORT

**O**n April 22, 1969, the 99th anniversary of Lenin's birth, the largest fishing vessel in the world was launched. She is the *Vostok*.

The *Vostok* is more than a fishing boat. With a displacement of 43,000 tons she is 750 feet long and 92 feet wide, and her superstructure stands 125 feet high. She is really a multipurpose vessel — 13,000 tons of freight can be stowed in her holds; she can accommodate 600 passengers (there is a cinema, a swimming pool with sunbathing and sports facilities); aboard there is a plant capable of processing 300 tons of sea products a day (150,000 tins of canned fish, 18 tons of frozen sea foods and large quantities of fish meal for cattle, cod liver oil and fat). She has refrigeration and can be used as an oil tanker.

Powered by two turbines with a combined thrust of 26,000 h.p., the *Vostok* can operate at sea for four months without requiring to put in to port for further supplies of fuel or water.

She is an unusual "mother" ship for a fishing fleet, too. The usual thing is for the mother ship to be fed by trawlers and seiners. But the *Vostok* carries 14 special fishing boats and a spotting helicopter. Each boat is only a 65

tonner but it can compete favourably with larger trawlers and bring in approximately the same catch. They have trawls capable of pulling in a catch from any ocean depth, right down to the bottom, and they can also use purse nets and electric light traps.

The *Vostok* has special facilities for launching the boats and lifting them aboard, and the boats themselves have hulls made of light plastic which not only appreciably reduces their weight, but is highly resistant to corrosion, generally a serious problem in tropical seas.

Before long the *Vostok*, whose home port is Odessa, is to become the flagship of the Black Sea fishing fleet.

Some of the lads who did a good job on the construction of the *VOSTOK*, a vast fishing vessel that can also freeze, can, and do almost any conceivable thing with the fish once it is caught.







## Stepan at the Reindeer Festival

by Yuri LEKSIN

from the magazine VOKRUG SVETA  
(Round the World)

*The Evens — this is the official name of a nationality living in the far north-east of the USSR. They still call themselves "Lamuts", or "Orochel", which means "Reindeer People". The fathers of their fathers and the grandfathers of their grandfathers were all reindeer breeders.*

*The Evens are quite a small nationality: there are 4,564 women and 4,557 men according to the 1959 census. The preciseness of the statistics is surprising. Until quite recently, within the memory of a 40-year-old man, not one of the Even families had a settled dwelling place. All one could speak of was the districts in which the nomad Evens wandered with their herds: the basin of the River Yana, Yakutia, the Magadan region, Khabarovsk Territory and the Kamchatka Peninsula. They roamed hundreds of thousands of square miles of virgin forest and tundra in the extreme north-east of the USSR. Try to find one small nomadic nationality in these forest vastnesses, especially when it is a question of four groups moving about quite separately!*

*Once a year one could see all the Evens assembled together (this is what the following story is about), but few people knew their meeting place. The merchants were always looking for a way to reach the Evens. Among these unsophisticated reindeer people one could live quite well, trading trifles for furs. But if a merchant were altogether a dishonest and greedy person, his first meeting with the Evens would also be his last. The taiga people could mysteriously melt away, disappear into the virgin forest like wood sprites.*

*At the beginning of the twenties the Soviet Government opened "red trading stations" all over the Far North. There were state shops with fixed prices, a medical post, a school and a special tent with magazines, a radio and a gramophone. At such trading stations the Evens gathered several times for their annual meetings, and finally they announced that they were ready to modify their ancient nomadic way of life to some degree. Now only teams of herders wander about with the reindeer. The children, old people, and a considerable proportion of the women live permanently in settlements consisting of European-type houses.*

*The change in their way of life had its effect on the cultural level of the Evens. Since 1931 Even children have been taught from books printed in their own language and have been able to read and speak Russian. Young Evens have the opportunity to choose a different way of life, to depart from their national traditions. But so far only 570 Evens have settled in towns, including those who represent their people on governmental bodies.*

"But have you any idea what happens when people throw the mamykta?" someone asked me.

Of course not. How could I, when I have not even seen a mamykta. Any more than the reader has, presumably.

Perhaps we'll take a look together. Today, at last, summer weather has settled in for a bit over Verkhoyansky Ridge. Leaving the mountains beneath us, we can fly from the land of the Yakuts to the far north-east of

the country — to the parts where the Evens live.

### The Mamykta

It hung beneath a canopy on the dark wall, where the sun never penetrates. Closing the door of the house, Stepan reached out through the cold gloom, came in contact with the soft leather and immediately gauged its condition by touch. It had neither dried nor rotted. It was just right, it would hold.

Coming out into the light with the mamykta, Stepan held it before him and looked it over quickly. He was particularly concerned with the loop and the ends: this was where your hand slipped when the reindeer tore at the strained thong of the mamykta and here, of course, was the place it was most likely to tear apart.

He could not examine the mamykta thoroughly outside the house before everyone's eyes. Everyone knew that Stepan had only just come to the settlement from the herd a matter of two days ago and of course his mamykta must be in order. What good was he as a herder, otherwise! Stepan went towards the pen, past four solitary old larch trunks. They were tall trunks: put any reindeer between them and his antlers — which might be half his height — would not reach the top. This was the reindeers' hospital.

The previous autumn Stepan

had brought his reindeer Tikhi here. Stones on the summer roads had got into Tikhi's hoof — right into the soft flesh, where the hoof divides into two hard bony toes.

They hoisted Tikhi up from the ground with a broad band passed round his belly, and the reindeer beat at the air with his hoofs. Stepan fussed around by the side, shouting, exhorting Tikhi until the reindeer's legs were folded beneath him and the reins tied to the small posts. These stood side by side with the big ones and were upholstered with hide so that the deer would not scrape his legs.

And so Tikhi was immobilised, as though hanging in mid-jump. They got the stones out, but two of them had gone in so deep that they had almost torn his foot to pieces. The reindeer could never run again.

Tikhi's hide lay on the white snow at Stepan's feet. The hide itself was not snow white, and even Tikhi's paws were not the right colour of old larch, and would not even do for making reindeer skin boots. Stepan had never given a thought to this in the past, Tikhi had been the finest runner in the team and that was all.

Stepan took his knife from his belt, squatted down and began to cut into the reindeer hide. He cut round and round, an even strip the width of a finger. And at last he had a mamykta — a 30-yard long thong without a single join.

### The Enclosure

All roads in the settlement led to the enclosure, from which came a strong smell of reindeer. It was a living smell from healthy bodies, and not the acrid stench of uncured hides.

As the smell hit his nostrils Stepan involuntarily quickened his pace, and before long he could hear shouts from the other side of the fence.

Tall dry larch poles were attached to the uprights of the fence in four rows — so they reached higher than a reindeer could jump. They were thick trunks, to prevent the reindeer from getting away, but some of them had nevertheless been broken and lay there on the ground (the reindeer had buried themselves against them). They had been replaced by new poles but these also had pieces of bark torn off, and clinging to them were tufts of reindeer fur.

Several herders stood in the middle of the enclosure waiting for reindeer. They seemed oblivious to one another as each got in some lasso practice on his own. The mamyktas whistled through the air, and caught on two tall white stumps of larch.

Stepan did not even glance in the direction of the stumps. He did not feel it important at the moment to see who found their mark and who did not. A man could throw his mamykta with deadly accuracy over a tree stump

but this did not mean that he could catch a reindeer with it.

He walked quickly over to the side of the enclosure, so that the sun would not be in his eyes. A quick glance and he had thrown the mamykta over a pole. Then he ran backwards, hanging on with both hands to the ends, and when he could run back no further because of the tautness of the mamykta, he instantly flung himself backward, but he did not fall. The mamykta pulled him forward towards the poles.

He pushed one leg forward, braced it against the ground and again flung himself backward, and again the resilience of the mamykta bounced him forward. The mamykta cut into his hands pulling them with a tight loop, but Stepan threw his body back for a third time, already with complete confidence in his lasso.

And when he threw the mamykta over the pole for the third time Stepan heard and felt something snap within his tense body: there was no pain, it was as though within him some new strength had been set free, and it was a strength Stepan had always been aware of, realising that he had only to summon it up.

Then it struck him that now he really needed a reindeer! He had confidence in his mamykta. He suddenly let go of one end and jumped back to save himself from falling. The pole released the mamykta and it fell writhing and twisting on the snow. With an impetuous movement Stepan



The mamykta of the Even people, who live in the far north-east of the USSR, is akin to the cowboy's lasso, and requires the same kind of skill.

turned round — and saw the reindeer.

### The Reindeer

The reindeer entered the enclosure calmly and leisurely, as though he were going to graze in a familiar meadow. Someone in the middle of the enclosure (Stepan was still near the side) threw

his mamykta. With one movement of the head, almost a lazy one, the animal evaded the flying loop. He seemed to know that the throw had violated the rules: points were only awarded for reindeer caught with the mamykta while running.

But suddenly he was galvanised into action. The reindeer rushed forward, galloping around the enclosure. He did not want to play this game and he was not going to. Why were they hounding him with shouts and pushing him with their feet when he pressed himself against the poles? Why this frenzied race round and round, without a sledge to pull?



And why was this all happening in the enclosure, where a reindeer was used to standing quietly after the difficult journey from the herd to the settlement.

Infuriated, with nostrils and flanks working frantically, the reindeer quickly and accurately evaded the loop and suddenly froze like a statue on a spot where people had not managed to catch him and would not be able to do so. A chase like this was essential to people just now. This was how a reindeer evaded them in the herd, this was how he had to be caught in order to be harnessed.

"Khe-e-ekh!" people sighed,

Not even many of the herders can lasso a reindeer going at top speed and bring it down.

and that meant another miss for the herder and another victory for the deer.

Stepan kneaded the mamykta in his hand, preparing for the throw, and did not notice himself move to the middle of the enclosure. At that moment he hated the reindeer with that brief hatred which is essential for the throw. For you cannot throw the

mamykta at a reindeer as you can at the stump of a tree. There must be something to blame the reindeer for.

The trouble with this one was his mad rush round the enclosure. A trow was not to be regarded as a mere game — in that case the reindeer would sidestep it, would receive only a glancing blow. Then everyone around would sigh a guttural "khe-e-ek!" — and Stepan would crumple up in shame, dragging his mamykta through the snow.

No, he had to feel the loop tightening round the reindeer's antlers, feel it pulling him. And he would go towards it so that it would not pull him from his place and fling him to the ground, onto the trampled snow. He would speed along the mamykta, stretched taut as a bow string, as though drawn towards the fallen reindeer, in order to seize it by the horns. He would have the feeling that he had subjugated the reindeer, and would quickly release it. For he would no longer have that brief hatred, it would be wiped out in an instant. And surely the deer would understand his victory.

All Stepan could see was black flaring nostrils, and above them a white strip of fur across the forehead of the reindeer who was streaking away from Stepan at the same mad gallop. But Stepan knew (his whole body knew this with absolute accuracy) where the reindeer would be at the very next

instant. His left hand with the coiled mamykta seemed to move forward of its own accord and the right, which held the loop, involuntarily went back. Stepan's body was already falling towards the snow, as if he had snapped at the waist, but suddenly in some mysterious fashion it stopped a moment before it bit the ground.

Surely it was impossible to see, to follow Stepan's throw. His right hand had simply acted on its own, and now the reindeer had fallen to its knees.

Only far away in the North did the herders know this particular throw. There were very few among the local people who could do it. Stepan was one.

### The Race

The reindeer train set off in semi-circular formation. This was because of the mountains which came right down to the shore of the lake. So they had to start on the very edge of the shore. They had to travel about two miles across the snow-sprinkled ice, and there on the lake was the finish of the race.

During the race the semi-circle straightened out and became a thin disappearing straight line, gliding swiftpy across the ice and, finally, becoming a mere dot. And in that dot was everything: the drivers bent forward as they urged on the reindeer, the sledges, the reindeer themselves, the reindeer's antlers, in the intensity of the race straining forward at such an

angle that they almost hit the ground, their mouths gulping in the frozen air, and the splinters of ice spurting out from beneath their hoofs. And now there was no longer even a dot.

I asked if I could go with the second contingent. I fell into a gliding sleigh behind the driver and immediately realised that my eyes had deceived me. The reindeer were not speeding along as though on wings, they were simply running evenly and rapidly.

The driver who had agreed to take me with obvious reluctance (now he could not possibly come in first), stood up and fell, thrust back by the speed of the race. Even I could see that the reindeer were not running at the top of their form.

A man can put everything he has into a race — ahead there is hope of victory — but a sporting victory means nothing to a reindeer. Probably what they need is a nuptial race or a wolf pursuing them — either love or fear — before they will run all out. In a race the driver tries to get as much out of the reindeer as he can, while the reindeer conceal their potentials, husband their resources.

Another team overtook us just then. Right above me the muzzle of a reindeer surged through the air, his huge brown eyes flashing, staring out intently from the black velvet eye sockets. The many-branched antlers were one minute almost on the ground, and the next soaring upwards. Once again

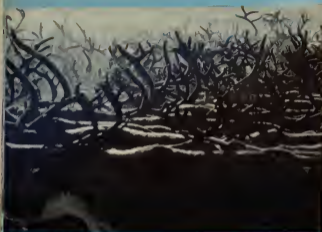
he flung back his head as though these movements — powerful and subtle — could somehow speed up the gliding sleigh. And now something happened to our reindeer. They tore in pursuit of the other sleigh as if the whole aim of their lives was to catch up with those falling and rising antlers.

Fragments of ice spurted up in our faces but it would have been a pity to cover our eyes. If you shut your eyes, then you lose everything, gone with the lake, the shouts of the drivers, and the thrill of the race. There would be no more of this happiness of flight without tiredness, a happiness which so fortunately overcomes man in communion with nature.

Somewhere deep within me were latent fears: at any minute I would shoot from the sleigh and be smashed to smithereens. But then the fear was submerged, and nothing else interfered with my enjoyment of this happiness of flight. There is hardly anything in my past or in my future which could take the place of this race across the wide open spaces of sun and snow!

### The Song

The reindeer stood beyond the finishing line. They had given their all, their strength had been left on the ice of the lake, which had been ploughed up by their hoofs. Along the shore bonfires flared — big, lavish bonfires, and buckets of cooking meat hung in thick, smoked clusters from poles.



On the ice dancing was already in progress.

With linked arms, their fur-clad shoulders pressed together, the Evens were dancing in a ring. Their faces showed no emotion, their reindeer skin boots moved softly on the ice. They circled round smoothly, as smoothly as the earth turns on its own axis.

In time with the rapidly moving legs one of the women — it was difficult to distinguish her in this circle of people who all looked so much alike — shouted out something briefly and was silent again. Again the reindeer skin boots whispered on the ice —

and the word was passed to another. This was a song.

"What are they singing about?" Stepan who stood near me, smiled shyly.

"They are singing about what they see."

"But about what, all the same?"

"About the festivities. The guests. About what it used to be like."

"Please translate," I begged.

The story has it that once the rivers were swollen with water. The ocean overflowed and flooded all the earth (that was what they were singing), and when the water began to fall, the first thing to



appear was the summit of the highest mountain in this area, (this mountain does in fact exist, it is about 20 miles from the lake). And to this mountain three rafts were floating.

On the first was a young man: tall as an elk, strong as a bear and proud as a reindeer. And with him were an elk, a bear and a reindeer. On the second raft was a girl: beautiful as a sable, slender and gentle as a roe deer, and thrifty as a squirrel. And with the girl there were a sable, a squirrel and a goat. On the third raft was a short man crafty as a lynx, cowardly as hare and greedy as

When a herd of reindeer go by, swathed in the vapour of their own breath, it is as if some weird, leafless forest is on the move.

a glutton. And with him were the animals he resembled. The young man — his name was Lamut — drove away the short man on the third raft. And the girl Dyul remained with Lamut. It was from them that the Lamut people came who are now called Evens.

The man on the third raft, who was called Engyé, nourished spite against Lamut and many years later when people had

forgotten about him, he returned at dead of night and carried away Dyul, whose name means "happiness" in the Even language. And from that day the Evens have been wandering in search of Dyul-Happiness.

But here the legend is replaced by history. It is quite possible that episodes from more recent history of the Evens may be sung or danced. I heard their history in a more prosaic performance, as retold by an old man called Krivoschapkin.

**A reindeer race — it makes a horse race look like child's play.**

#### History of a Settlement

The Evens have always been nomads, the old man said. They followed the trails of the wild animals. And in years when there were few animals the people died. Those who lived on went off to distant parts, leaving behind them skeletons of their tents built from larch trunks and coffins hanging in the trees.

Four Even tribes wandered about the area. Two of them, the Keimetinovs and Krivoschapkins were the most numerous — and today there are more of them than the other two in the settlement.



Every year, at the time of the first snow, the tribes gathered for the Munyak, or council meeting. They divided up the pastures and the hunting grounds and arranged marriages. The arrangement of marriages was not to be considered unimportant, the blood had to be preserved. There was an iron law: a man must not take a wife from his own tribe, and no one remembers a violation of this law in any tribe.

It was here, too, at the Munyak that a festivity originated which is celebrated by the Evens to this day — the reindeer festival.

"Later the Yakut merchants

found a way to us. They were cunning, ruthless people those Yakut merchants!" Old man Krivoschapkin, whose home I was visiting, subsided into a long silence. Sometimes he paused for so long that the conversation seemed to have come to an end. I began to think that the young Even teacher who sat having tea with us was reading this meaningful silence.

"For a roll he would take a squirrel," Krivoschapkin suddenly continued, "while a bottle of Yuzhnaya vodka cost a vixen." It would be interesting to know whether the old man really re-



membered all this or was repeating someone else's words.

"And did you also barter vixen?" I asked.

The old man smiled and took up a glass of port.

"Very often. I was a hunter."

He looked young in his bright green sweater. He sat upright, held himself straight, as befitted a householder. But in actual fact Krivoshapkin was old and my doubts on this score had been baseless.

"There was only one road to our place: from the town of Yakutsk to the River Yana. This road was constructed back in the czar's time. But in the twenties the road was overgrown with grass. There was a great deal of robbery going on and deserters plundered the merchants.\* And we Evens went off into the taiga. We were afraid."

The old man was already getting tired, beginning to flag.

"In 1924 I went to Segen-Kyuel. And I saw a shop. I had heard, of course, that they existed there: they said in the taiga that Soviet power had come to us from the village of Namtsy. Ivan Kymov had come with the shop. It had everything in it — food and manufactured goods. At fixed prices. So we began to come to the shop. Out of the taiga."

Once again he was silent. His daughter poured us each a glass

\* In 1920 civil war was still in progress in the country. Soviet power was not immediately proclaimed in remoter districts.

of tea with reindeer milk. The teacher was silent. I was silent.

"And then, later on, I kept walking about in the taiga around the first school opened for the Evens. It was on the River Khadarynja. Altogether there were ten Evens there — five Stepanovs and five Keimetinovs. But we Krivoshapkins did not go. There was a great argument at the time about where the school should be opened, and they out-argued us, so that the school was started up right by their camping place. So I watched the school through the trees until the four tribes gathered for the next Munyak and decided that everyone settle here. The Russians helped us to choose a place for the settlement. All our young hunters were already anxious to study and live together."

The old man's daughter poured out more tea.

"There was only one Russian-style building here then. There it is, you can see it out of the window."

I took a look, but could see nothing.

"Yes, there it is," he assured me. "That little one. The first Soviet was there."

Through the window I could see a whole township of neat prefabricated houses. Probably the only ones who could see that one and only original house today were old Grandpa Krivoshapkin and one or two other old men.

"Yes," I said. "I see it."

## The Return

The festival melted away like a piece of ice on the warm hand — all that was left was the memory — like that cool damp feeling on the palm.

The reindeer moved lazily, they were reluctant to leave this place where there were people and houses. It was always the same when they had to go back from the settlement. But Stepan had to get to the herd by nightfall. Two sledges rustled over the ice behind, carrying food, newspapers and clothing for the herders who had had to stay and look after the livestock while the festivities were in progress. For himself Stepan was taking back six batteries for his radio, as they had been in short supply.

Stepan urged on the reindeer, knowing that they were not in the least tired. He brandished the reins, flipped one over the back of the reindeer on the right, spurred on the left-hand animal. It made no difference. Stepan jumped out of the sledge. Rein in hand, he began to run ahead of the reindeer so that they had even started to run off course. Now he would show them how to run!

He ran forward, the reindeer after him. It is easy going on a firm crust of frozen snow. "I'll go on till we reach that tree," Stepan decided. Once past the tree he flung himself sideways into the sledge, without looking to gauge the distance. From the sound of the runners and the way the backs

of the reindeer rose and fell Stepan knew what kind of a road it was now.

He landed firmly from his leap, in so comfortable a position that there was no need to move at all. The left leg was drawn up beneath him, while the right was stretched out in front and rested easily on the front-piece of the sledge. If necessary he could jump straight off again.

The reindeer were now following the course of a river. It was singing ice here — snow had fallen many times during the winter, and it responded in a great variety of ways to the runners of the sledge. Sometimes it sighed plaintively, sometimes it sent out a loud, joyful ringing sound, while on occasion it produced a melody that left one breathless with amazement.

In another spot, further on, the snow sang like a distant aeroplane engine. Every time Stepan came this way he would crane his neck to search the skies. He knew that there was no plane, that it was the snow making a noise, but still he could not help himself, for the sound was so convincing.

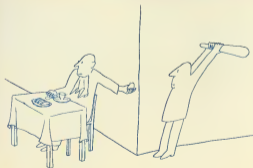
Along the river the reindeer did not need any prompting to go fast. They had already left one home far behind, and now they were beginning to feel that another home, the herd, was waiting ahead. They tore on at such a speed that one might have thought a wolf was after them. And there were wolves hereabouts — more than one, according to

the hunters, and Stepan himself had seen many tracks.

Stepan began thinking about how he would soon be at the herders' tent, how he would clear the reindeers' nostrils of icicles and hoar frost so that breathing would be easy for them in the night. Then he would unharness them and go off into the tent to sleep. And even out of harness the reindeer would stand by the tent waiting — in case he came out at any moment.

Back in the settlement, so far

behind them, people were, of course, already asleep, and the herders were also sleeping by now, breathing deeply and evenly. Well no, that wasn't quite true. They would be breathing like their reindeer: quivering, smacking their lips, giving a little groan now and then, or heaving a sigh. It was their bodies reminding them of the events of the past day, and of the festivities. And nearby the reindeer stirred, but big and heavy as they were, they stirred cautiously in order not to awaken their drivers.



## WHAT IS COLLECTIVE SECURITY?

Under this headline the newspaper **Izvestia** published an article by Konstantin Lavrov, a Soviet journalist, which we publish below.

For decades now the idea of collective security has been of concern to statesmen, political figures, diplomats, journalists, historians, and wide sections of the public. The combination of these two words, "collective security" — has become so firm a part of the modern language of foreign policy and diplomacy, so often appears in newspapers and magazines, that at times it really may lose its concrete meaning in the eyes of the reader.

By collective security is meant joint measures by states to ensure peace, to avert aggression and to fight it, implemented through appropriate international organizations or in accordance with treaties concluded between states.

The chief principle behind the idea of ensuring the security of states on a collective basis is the indivisibility of the world, that is a recognition of the fact that in contemporary conditions a military conflict begun between

two or a few states is the embryo of a world war. Consequently a state which really has no aggressive designs and does not want to allow the outbreak of another world war cannot fail to have an interest in the creation of a collective security system.

By its very nature the idea of collective security is of a universal character, the security of each state is inseparable from the security of all states, from general security throughout the world. It was with such an understanding of its tasks that the United Nations was born. According to its Charter it must be the centre of concerted activity by the nations of the world to maintain international peace and security, and with this aim must take effective collective measures to avert and eliminate threats to peace, suppress acts of aggression and by peaceful means regulate or settle international disputes or situations which may lead to



violation of peace. The United Nations and the Security Council have to their credit positive results in joint action to regulate certain military conflicts or to prevent them, and in the adoption of resolutions to facilitate the ending of colonialism and to protect the independence and sovereignty of states. But on the main question — the fight for international security — the United Nations had not made use of all the possibilities existing under the Charter. And this is the question which is now coming sharply to the fore.

The task of setting up adequate and effective collective security system on a world scale is so vast, so many-sided and complex that it demands sustained efforts year in and year out, together with the further stimulation of the mass of the people to greater activity, before mankind arrives at its solution. But general security will be more reliable and stable if the same tasks are carried out rapidly and confidently within more narrow contexts — on a regional basis, on individual continents, or even in more limited geographical areas.

"The burning questions of the present international situation," said Leonid Brezhnev in a speech at the International Conference of Communist and Workers' Parties in Moscow, "do not overshadow longer-term tasks, to be precise the creation of collective security systems in those parts of the globe where threats of another world

war, of armed conflicts are concentrated. Such a system is the best replacement for existing military and political groupings."

The antithesis of a collective security system is the policy of splitting the world into military and political groupings, and setting up military blocs. The Soviet Union has always been, and remains, the principal adversary of such a policy. It was not the socialist countries that devised military groupings. Everyone knows that the big powers of the West — our former allies in the Second World War — refused to heed the warnings that the division of the world into military blocs would not strengthen but disrupt international security. In 1949 they set up the aggressive North Atlantic Alliance. The socialist countries waited six years for a sounder approach to prevail in the West in the evaluation of the world situation, and only after West Germany was taken into the North Atlantic bloc in 1955 did they set up their own defence organisation — the Warsaw Treaty Organisation.

The Soviet Union is the champion of collective security. This is no idle phrase. In the thirties and forties the Soviet Union displayed great energy and consistency in pursuing a policy aimed at creating a basis for European collective security. It thwarted the attempts to keep it out of the Briand-Kellogg Pact, the signatories to which declared that they renounced war as an

instrument of national policy and undertook to resolve all conflicts between them by peaceful means alone. In Moscow on February 9, 1929, on the initiative of the USSR, a number of neighbouring countries signed a Protocol bringing the Pact into action ahead of time, which to a certain extent helped to strengthen security in Eastern Europe and Asia.

Before there was actually war in Europe, but when fascist Italy had invaded Ethiopia, and Hitler Germany had occupied the demilitarised Rhineland and subsequently with Italy engaged in intervention in Spain, the Soviet Union categorically exposed the policy of connivance with the aggressors, and put forward concrete proposals for strengthening collective security.

It is well known how much restraint and persistence the Soviet Union displayed 30 years ago in its attempts to reach agreement with Britain, France and certain other countries on the very threshold of the Second World War in order to hold back the fascist aggressors. The Soviet Union also took active steps with a view to collective measures to defend peace in Asia.

After the victorious conclusion of the Second World War in Europe and Asia, the Soviet Union did not weaken its efforts in the fight for collective security — on the contrary it intensified them. Above all, its efforts were directed to strengthening the

pillars of peace in Europe, which had been the epicentre of both world wars. There is no need to enumerate the many steps taken to this end by the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries on the continent. These measures have always been realistic ones, have shown a desire to allow for the legitimate interests of both the socialist countries and the countries in the Western part of the continent, and also loyalty to the spirit and basic principles of the Potsdam Agreement under which there is an obligation not to allow the rebirth of German militarism and nazism.

A programme of measures to strengthen European security was put forward by the Warsaw Pact states in the Bucharest Declaration of July 5, 1966, and the Budapest appeal of March 17, 1969.

Today the Warsaw Pact countries are singling out points around which it is possible and essential to unite the efforts of the European states who really want a peaceful future for the nations on the continent. The proposal of the socialist countries is more in the nature of a draft than a completed plan.

The merit of such a method lies in the fact that it leaves great scope for initiative and proposals from other European states, for a comparison of proposals and viewpoints, for the working out ultimately of a mutually acceptable solution.

It is such an approach to European affairs that prompts the

proposal for convening an all-European conference, which is now the centre of attention of interested governments and wide circles of European public opinion. Participation in a conference of all European states convened without any advance conditions, a readiness to conduct the necessary preparatory work to facilitate its success — all this is a sign of the constructive intention of the Warsaw Treaty.

The key question for Europe is the inviolability of existing state borders. The state borders as they exist today, including the Oder-Neisse line and the frontier between the two German states, represent the framework for erecting the edifice of European security. The stability of borders is a guarantee of the effectiveness of a system of collective security in Europe.

The Soviet Union, at one and the same time a European and an Asian power, is also interested in seeing that all nations of Asia live in peace.

As in the case of Europe, with Asia it is a question of the collective efforts of all states in this part of the world, and here, too, a collective security system would and could not have any aim other than to strengthen the security of all Asian states in their common interests. The efforts to make it look as though the creation of a collective security system in Asia is directed against a particular country or group of countries is sheer invention.

More than half the world's population live in Asia. The guaranteeing of peace in this area is a question of the utmost importance. The Soviet Government is ready to participate in appropriate discussions and consultations with a view to finding mutually acceptable solutions.

Consequently, throughout the 50 or so years it has been active in international affairs, the Soviet Union has been conducting a vigorous struggle for collective security. It wages the fight side by side with its allies and friends, drawing universal attention to the centres of military danger, and putting forward broad, constructive proposals with a view to preventing military conflicts and another world war.

The development of the technological revolution opens up new prospects in the concepts of collective security. These concepts add to the means available to diplomacy, ceasing to limit these only to the sphere of political relations between states. They are being broadened today by the growing mutual interests of states in the exchange of achievements and the supplementing of one another's efforts in various spheres of science, technology, culture, and trade. It was a logical development that the Bucharest declaration should contain the idea that the extension of economic contacts, accompanied by an all-round deepening of scientific, technical and cultural cooperation, could, as they developed, provide the

material basis for European security and for strengthening world peace.

Collective security represents one practical application in the international sphere of the principle of peaceful coexistence of states, regardless of their social systems — a principle laid down by Lenin. The settlement of controversial questions arising

between countries, not by force of arms, but by peaceful means, is one of the foremost requirements of peaceful coexistence, and this itself is one of the foremost demands of collective security. Such a state of affairs in international matters is advocated by the Soviet Union, which consistently conducts a Leninist policy of peace and friendship between nations.

## THOUGHTS ON HISTORY

by VASSILI KLYUCHEVSKY

History is not a teacher but a demonstrator, a tutor, of life. It does not teach anyone, it only punishes those who ignore its lessons.

Nature gives birth to people, life buries them, but history resurrects them as it wanders over their graves.

Man shed so many tears and so much blood before finding kinship with his fellow man.

## RYE BREAD FOR GIANT-KILLERS

Could the knights of old, heroes of Russian legends, kill dragons, giants and other monsters of folk-lore on a diet of nothing more than rye bread?

Scholars asked themselves this question when they noticed that in all the old legends the heroes' food was always described as rye bread. Philologists decided that the word "bread" was generic to all food.

Then a group of dieticians made a complete study of the value of rye bread, a food as old as the Russian nation itself, and they established that it would have been just the thing for the dragon-slayers.

Experiments proved that a diet of nothing but rye bread makes for an ideal metabolism and that a man can live on it for an indefinite period without gaining or losing weight and at the same time feel perfectly fit and maintain a high work capacity.

Unlike most other foods it contains all the substances necessary to support the normal life processes.

Doctors recommend rye bread for children of one year or more and also regard it as beneficial for sufferers from a wide range of diseases.

# SOVIET JUSTICE

## How the Statute of Limitations Work

by Isaac GALPERIN

*Specially for SPUTNIK*

In Soviet law punishment has a dual purpose: education of the offender on the one hand and general prevention of crime on the other. From this follows the question: how much does a lapse of time affect the offender's responsibility?

If a considerable length of time passes between the criminal act and legal proceedings, then naturally the court's assessment of the act is affected. Many other factors are involved. For instance, how great a threat to the community does the offender still represent, if any? Will punishment serve any purpose if, for example, the offender has become a useful and law-abiding citizen? Would punishment have a salutary effect on the community when in fact people have forgotten the crime?

It is obvious, on the other hand, that when the offender is brought to book immediately, then the effect both on him and the community at large is deepest.

Finally, it must be borne in mind that when a lengthy period intervenes between the criminal deed and court proceedings, it is more difficult to establish the truth of the matter. Material evidence may be lost and witnesses lose a certain amount of credibility when the passage of time clouds memories.

For all these reasons, Soviet criminal law incorporates a Statute of Limitations.

However, this does not mean that a differentiated approach to crimes is excluded. The community's sense of justice and law could not accept an unqualified

application of the Statute of Limitations irrespective of the gravity of the crime, its consequences and effect on the community.

Article 41 of the Basic Penal Codes of the USSR and Union republics states that prosecution cannot be instituted if the term it names as limitation has expired. This limitation corresponds to the term of imprisonment provided for by the appropriate article of the Specific Offences section of the Penal Code.

The crimes punishable by imprisonment are subject to limitations ranging from three to 10 years. The penal codes of the Union republics reduce limitations for individual types of crimes.

Expiry of the limitation period does not always bar criminal proceedings. If, before such a term expires, the offender commits another crime which is punishable by a term of imprisonment exceeding two years, for instance, the time count begins from the moment of commission of the new crime.

The time count is suspended if the offender escapes after being brought to trial and is resumed from the moment he is caught or gives himself up. However, the offender cannot be brought to trial if his crime was committed 15 or more years ago and he has committed no fresh offence since.

Those crimes which carry a maximum penalty of death are dealt with at the court's discretion. The Statute of Limitations may

or may not be applied, but in any case, capital punishment is excluded.

\* \* \*

How does the Statute of Limitations apply to murderers?

Limitations depend on the articles of the Penal Code relating to different types of murder. Article 103 of the Penal Code of the Russian Federation, for instance, states that premeditated murder committed without aggravating circumstances is punishable by imprisonment of 10 years. In other words, this is the limitation period. Punishment for premeditated murder committed in a state of violent emotion, according to Article 104 of the same Code, is imprisonment of up to five years or corrective training lasting up to one year. In other words, the limitation in this case is five years. As stated before, in those premeditated murder cases which carry a death penalty, the application of the Statute of Limitations is decided on by the court.

The death penalty under Soviet criminal law is an exceptional measure. It is reserved for limited range of offences, including premeditated murder with aggravating circumstances, acts of terrorism and banditry, for a serviceman offering resistance to a superior officer or forcing such an officer into a breach of his official duty in connection with a premeditated murder.

Before deciding whether the

Statute of Limitations should be applied for the different types of premeditated murder punishable by death, Soviet courts try to examine every aspect and circumstance of the crime and take into consideration the criminal's personality and his behaviour after the crime.

In 1968 a Soviet court applied the Statute of Limitations in trying citizen K, who committed a premeditated murder with aggravating circumstances when he was a juvenile in the early 1920s. Later he graduated from a medical college and established an excellent record as a surgeon over many years. Taking all these factors into consideration, the court applied the Statute of Limitations.

\* \* \*

One of the basic questions associated with the Statute of Limitations as applied to murderers is connected with Nazi war criminals.

They and their henchmen inflicted untold torment and suffering on mankind. Tens of millions of innocent people, including women and children, were brutally murdered, tortured to death or gassed. The people's sense of justice demands that these criminals answer for their crimes against humanity during the second World War.

In view of this, and taking into account the universally accepted provisions of internatio-

nal law which demand punishment of the Nazi criminals, wherever they have been hiding from justice and for however long, the Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet on March 4, 1965, issued a special decree "Concerning Punishment of Persons Guilty of Crimes Against Peace and Humanity and of War Crimes Irrespective of the Time of Their Commission".

"Nazi criminals guilty of severe offences against peace and humanity and of war crimes," it says in part, "are subject to trial and punishment irrespective of the time that has elapsed since these crimes were committed."

Under Article 49(c) of the Constitution of the USSR, the Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet, in September 1965, explained that this decree extends to Soviet citizens who, during the Great Patriotic War of 1941-45, actively helped Nazi punitive activities by murdering and torturing their compatriots.

From the legal point of view it is important that the non-application of the Statute of Limitations to the Nazi criminals is fully in line with the universally accepted principles and provisions of international law. Thus the December 9, 1948, Convention on Genocide and the 1949 Geneva conventions did not propose limitations that would bar criminal proceedings against the perpetrators of crimes against the peace and security of mankind. As the 3 (XXI) resolution of the UN

Human Rights Commission of April 9, 1965, says, the Statute of Limitations does not apply to such crimes.

Speaking of the non-application of the Statute of Limitations to the war criminals and perpetrators of crimes against mankind, the UN Secretary General in February 1966 presented a report to the UN Economic and Social Council. Among other things it raises the question of a legal procedure that will permit the principle of non-application of the Statute of Limitations in international law to such crimes to be established in perpetuity.

In strict conformity with the law, Soviet judicial bodies consistently try Nazi criminals and Soviet citizens who took part in murdering and torturing their compatriots during the Great

Patriotic War. In December 1967, for instance, the military tribunal of the North-Caucasian Military District tried a group of criminals who had once been part of the punitive Einsatz-Gruppe D commando. The tribunal found that these criminals had over 20 years ago murdered thousands of people in Armavir, Stavropol and other cities and villages of the North Caucasus and the Ukraine. Under the above decrees, the tribunal sentenced some of the accused to capital punishment by shooting and the others to a term of 15 years' imprisonment.

Institution of proceedings against, and just punishment of, dangerous criminals is considered an indispensable condition for observance of the law and an action which fully corresponds to the sense of justice of the people.

## LASER BRIDGE ACROSS THE VOLGA

The city of Kuibyshev lies on the steep eastern bank of the Volga, commanding an excellent view of the river's low western bank.

Scientists of the city's Electrical Engineers' College have decided to take advantage of that to establish telephone communication across the Volga. The unusual cable will be a ray of infra-red light. The flow of light will be transmitted with the help of an optical quantum generator. A two-storey building has been built in the village of Rozhdestveno for a new multi-channel automatic telephone station, with a device to receive the generator signals.

This laser bridge across the Volga will provide the village, the local poultry farm and nearby industries with telephone communication along 24 channels. Hundreds of people will be able to telephone simultaneously to Kuibyshev.

from the newspaper SOVIETSKAYA ROSSIYA

## Space Research — What Value to Us?

by Academician Vassili PARIN

from the magazine *SMENA*

Advances in space exploration have been spectacular. But what are the practical benefits for mankind? Academician Parin, the Soviet Union's leading authority on space medicine and space biology, answers some pertinent questions.

**Q.** Does space research provide any immediate benefits to man? Is it of practical use?

**A.** Generally speaking, science must always be ahead of everyday life. That is the only way in which it can illuminate the path of human progress.

But to give a more concrete answer I'll quote my favourite story. An influential government official once visited Michael Faraday in his laboratory and watched his experiments on electromagnetic induction. He then turned to Faraday and said, "It is all very interesting, no doubt, but of what practical use is it. What does it offer to England, to mankind?"

Faraday's reply was brilliant and simple.

"And what is the good of a new-born child? You can never tell whether he will become another Newton, or a criminal who will meet his death on the gallows..."

The same question is still being asked and the answer is much the same today.

Without work such as Faraday's on electromagnetic induction we would have had no electric motors and no generators of electric current.

As I am a doctor, I feel I must mention Roentgen's experiments. Quite by chance he discovered a special kind of ray



capable of penetrating the tissues of the body. The first radiograph (of Roentgen's own hand) was regarded as a mere trick. Nobody then imagined that the use of X-rays would become one of the most important tools of medical research.

When scientists managed to unlock the mysteries of the atomic nucleus, many people believed that it was of purely theoretical value, remote from everyday life, something that would bring neither trouble nor profit. The results of that purely theoretical investigation are only too well known to everyone today.

Space exploration is still in the nascent state, yet already it has enriched our knowledge of the nearest planets and has enabled us to collect much important data concerning near-Earth space.

There is no limit to potential human achievements in outer space, yet many people still take only an abstract interest in them. On the other hand, no one can deny the very practical value of two space attainments — relay satellites for television and the weather satellites.

Q. That is true, but how can the individual benefit from all this space research? Can it help him to be better developed physically? Does it help him as a person? Do the results of the tests and training for space flights and the medical check-ups the astronauts undergo do anything for them personally?

A. In other words the question

is, does space medicine pay its debt to "earth" medicine and if so how? More specifically, does space research provide any fresh information on the human organism or does it hold out promise of this in the future?

Paradoxical as it sounds, space medical research has demonstrated that until quite recently we knew very little about the healthy man.

We know less about the physiology of a healthy person than we do about that of a sick one. It has been a subject of interest only to physiologists in very limited fields such as sport, whereas clinical physicians tend to concentrate on symptoms of diseases.

This may be why it is so difficult to diagnose a disease at the very early or latent stage, because in order to be able to determine the subtle, elusive dividing line between good health and incipient illness it is essential to recognise not only the symptoms of disease but also the symptoms of good health.

Man's move into space has made the physiologists and physicians revise their so-called norms and concentrate on the borderline conditions when physiological mechanisms are on the verge of breakdown. Thus space physiology must pay greater attention to securing information about the processes taking place within the human organism and all its diverse functions.

Q. Do you think it will ever be possible for people who, because of age or some disease such as

cardio-vascular malfunction, cannot be physically perfect to journey into outer space?

A. I'm very optimistic about their chances. I feel sure that outer space will become accessible to many people in the near future, just as jet planes are today.

G-forces, sometimes quite considerable, are the chief obstacle to be overcome while lifting off into outer space, and they continue to be exerted until the spaceship overcomes the attraction of the Earth and settles into orbit.

But there is no doubt that some way to "neutralise" the adverse effects of acceleration will be discovered. Technological progress will lead to more comfortable conditions and increase the safety factor in space flights and the G-forces will gradually be reduced to something little more than a man feels in a jet-plane take-off. And passengers on jet-planes are not required to produce a certificate of health.

Jet aviation has become part of our way of life, yet until very recently an altitude of about 6 or 7 miles was regarded as something quite unattainable for ordinary mortals.

At first people were under the impression that only specially trained people such as fighter-pilots could stand the G-forces which occur in jet-plane landings and take-offs. But now thousands of people take such altitudes and speeds for granted every day and never give them a second thought. The new Soviet plane TU-144,

which was displayed recently, will travel at an altitude of over 12 miles, yet the flight will be safer than more conventional jet flights, because the stratosphere is beyond the vagaries of weather.

As to limits imposed by age, the flight of Major-General Georgi Beregovoi, who is 47 years old, changed ideas about age limits. People of all ages will be able to travel in space and it is more than likely that some will have to lift off the earth to undergo special medical treatment.

Q. People with heart disease? A. They are just the ones I mean. It may seem strange, but I believe that outer space may provide a method of treatment which would save such patients.

Gravity has an adverse effect on the course of some cardiovascular diseases. It can also aggravate certain diseases of the muscles and bones. People who have to stand for long periods develop oedema of the legs.

There is evidence that the state of weightlessness which occurs in a space flight may be utilised in medical treatment. It may help to temporarily relieve the functions of the heart for as experiments have shown the heartbeats slow down and the blood pressure drops during orbital flights.

Q. What is the reason for the heart calming down in space?

A. Weightlessness spares the heart the necessity of coping with the weight of blood. I think it highly probable that this may lead to the creation of special

near-earth orbital sanatoria in the foreseeable future. Without gravity to contend with a man's sick heart will be able to rest for a while and recuperate.

**Q.** What do you think about the dangers in space, the unexpected contingencies? You remember the passage in the book *Psychology and Outer Space* where Yuri Gagarin says "... a great many things must be visualised beforehand and careful preparations made for the encounter with this element. The slightest omission may prove tragic."

**A.** Astronauts must leave nothing to chance. Every component of the spacecraft must be absolutely dependable and safe against any contingency during flight. The programmes of the "space powers" must not degenerate into a space race simply for the sake of some supposed propaganda advantage. It could have very bad consequences.

**Q.** Would you say that space exploration will tend to develop a

new man? In other words is it true that man's emergence into space extends the horizons of his existence, that, in opening up for himself a new element he will find a stimulus for the development of new principles of evolution?

**A.** Evolution is a very slow process. It does not take place in one or two generations. But just the same, new factors governing the development of personality are brought into play in outer space. Journeying into outer space man rediscovers himself; he taps hitherto latent resources and sets himself new frontiers.

Experience gained in space biology and medicine indicates that there is no limit to man's latent potential.

Space exploration is advancing rapidly. Until recently man could only advance hypotheses about those domains of nature which he is penetrating today. We and our children will certainly make unexpected happy discoveries and will meet with bitter disappointments in outer space...



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# EXPORTLJON

# MUSEUM IN THE FROST

by Valeri Lutsky of APN

Permafrost grips a quarter of the land-mass of the Earth. Forty-seven per cent of the total surface area of the Soviet Union is covered with a layer of permafrost which ranges in depth from just over three feet in southern Siberia to 1,300 feet in the north. Many problems arise in this permanently frozen land, and the Siberian Branch of the USSR Academy of Sciences has established a permafrost research centre in Igarka, a town on the Yenisei River where scientists are making a comprehensive study of permafrost. One very important part of their work is associated with the development of special building methods for the north.

Only a few decades ago Igarka did not exist. Nomads drove herds of reindeer through the tundra on both sides of the River Yenisei. Then one day a hunter of seals and polar bears named Yegor Shiriyayev took a fancy to the spot and built himself a little home on the east bank of the mighty river.

Soon the small ships that plied up and down the Yenisei began to anchor there. It was a quiet, convenient place, and eventually more hunters and fishermen made their homes near Shiriyayev's.

By the beginning of the nineteen-thirties a township had arisen which everyone called

Igarka. That was how they pronounced the diminutive of Shiriyayev's first name. Today it is one of the largest ports and economic centres of the Soviet Far North. Ships carrying the flags of many countries tie up there to load the famous knot-free Angara pine which is handled by the giant local sawmill.

Besides being a timber-town, Igarka is the centre for the regional transport authority, and boasts several secondary schools and a school of industrial technology. There is also a teacher-training school for Northern peoples. But the most interesting place in Igarka is the centre for the study of permafrost.

I was shown over the research centre by the deputy director, Vassili Breslavsky, an engineer who is an old-timer in the north and well-familiar with the tricky characteristics of permafrost.

Twenty years ago he pioneered the application of scientific knowledge and methods to the problems of building in the permafrost regions. In Yakutsk the old stone buildings cracked and collapsed under the varying stresses caused by changes in the frozen land upon which they were built. Soil subsidence occurs during a thaw and then there is buckling as it freezes. The stresses are considerable.

Scientific research has established that the most effective and economical construction method in the north is to build on long ferro-concrete piles which are sunk between 25 and 35 feet deep into the soil. The basement thus formed is filled with sawdust which acts as an insulator, ensuring that there is a minimum thaw in the summer and as low a temperature as possible all the time. This reduces to a minimum the deformation of the foundations.

At twenty-three feet underground we levelled out at the first tier, or floor, and walked down a long corridor with laboratories opening off on either side. The labs were small rooms hacked out of the permafrost. In nine such rooms on this level and the "floor" below, every aspect of the soil mechanics of permafrost is studied.

In one of the rooms on the first floor there is an amazing permafrost museum. In the walls, looking as if still alive, are softly-coloured northern birds, greyish-green plants and fish from the Yenisei — and all of them encased in crystal-clear ice blocks. There are books in the ice too — monographs by research workers from the centre on recommendations for building various structures in the north.

Then we came to another part of the museum. Under a concrete floor, some 30 feet deep, amid the permanently frozen rocks, was a woden case in which were carefully packed complete files of

the newspapers *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, *Trud* and a local paper *Krasnoyarsky Rabochy* for the period from June 22, 1941 to May 9, 1945. They cover the duration of the Soviet people's struggle in the Great Patriotic War. This chronicle of the Soviet peoples' battle for freedom and independence is to remain sealed in the wooden case until May 9, 2045. The permafrost has provided a means of saving for posterity a printed record of the heroic exploits of the Soviet Union.

We left the museum and descended still further. At a depth of 40 feet the temperature rose. The permafrost layer ended and I could no longer see the sparkling icicles mixed with frozen soil. Water was streaming down the walls and the temperature was above zero — the rocks were no longer frozen, and down there landslides made experimenting dangerous. This second floor resembles a coalface and needs constant shoring.

As well as carrying out a building research programme at the Permafrost Centre, the scientists there engage in more fundamental work on the formation of the permafrost and the age when it appeared.

Today the building recommendations of the Igarka Centre are used all over northern Siberia — in Norilsk, in Yakutsk and elsewhere, and recently their principles have been applied by engineers laying gas pipelines.



## SKIRMISH WITH A SPERM-WHALE

by Yevgeni Popov, oceanologist

from the magazine *NAUKA I ZHIZN*  
(*Science and Life*)

This tragicomedy almost cost us our lives.

We were travelling in a motor-boat round the Bay of Nagayev, (the Sea of Okhotsk), not far from Magadan, in the extreme north-east of the Soviet Union, taking depth-soundings, collecting samples of earth from the sea-bed, and studying the currents. The helmsman, Alexander Sidorov, or Sasha, as he was known, was at the wheel. I stuck the echo-sounder.

"Sperm-whale to port!" Sasha suddenly sang out. About 200 yards away there appeared the black back of some sea giant. Busy as I was with the echo-sounder I did not worry particularly. Why should Sasha draw my attention to something that was extremely common in these parts?

We came across sperm-whales in the vicinity almost every day, and we did not find anything remarkable in the sight of them. But we had never seen one as close as this. It dived, then within a few seconds surfaced like a submarine a couple of yards away from us, and swam along on a parallel course.

Our "escort" did not appear to

be taking the slightest notice of us, but before very long we discovered how erroneous this first impression was.

When the echo-sounder recorded a sharp increase in depth I throttled down the engine in order to pull up and take a sample from the sea-bed. Immediately a powerful thrust sent us flying into the bottom of the boat — the sperm-whale had attacked us! Leaping to our feet, we were in time to see the back of this marine monster disappearing rapidly into the distance. Then it submerged, resurfaced, and after describing some deliberate curves, made a beeline for us again.

Before we could collect our wits, the boat flew aside like a chip of firewood, shipping some water in the process. This time Sasha managed to clutch at the winch we used for taking samples of earth, while I clung to the rail. Fortunately the whale's body only glanced against the side of the boat, for we had been tossed out of his path by a big wave. It was all too easy to imagine what would happen if he hit us head-on. The creature was at least twice as large as our craft.

Meanwhile the whale had withdrawn to a respectful distance, resurfaced once more, and had turned in our direction — evidently preparing for another onslaught.

I rushed to the engine. We had to get it going quickly, so that even if we could not outdistance the whale we could at least manoeuvre a little and dodge its annihilating blows. But the engine would do no more than splutter and smoke.

Sweating like a pig, I kept turning the starting handle. Easy does it! When the strain became too much for me I stepped aside and let Sasha take over. I left the engine compartment and, breathing heavily, stood watching the movements of the whale, which was about 100 yards away, coming at us full tilt.

"On deck, Sasha!" I shouted, taking the precaution of stuffing into my pocket my working notebook and the notes of the echo-sounder recordings.

Unexpectedly the engine roared into life. Sasha opened the throttle and I turned the wheel to starboard. The boat responded instantly, but then the most surprising thing happened. Our desperate action seemed to have been quite unnecessary, for the whale had slowed down for some mysterious reason and showed no sign of repeating its battering-ram tactics. It caught up with us in leisurely fashion and swam alongside as if nothing out of the way had occurred.

Recovering from the shock, we switched on the echo-sounder and began to take further soundings. The whale was still with us, looking so relaxed and tranquil that one could hardly believe it had been so belligerent a moment before.

Now we had to reduce speed again, and the sound of the engine became irregular, with odd coughings and splutterings. The whale reacted immediately, and showed signs of excitement, thrashing with its tail and submerging several times.

A crazy idea came to me, and I decided to stage an experiment to check whether I could have possibly guessed right. It would be dangerous but interesting. I slowed down still more. The engine began to work only intermittently now, snorting and backfiring loudly.

The whale grew more and more excited, circling frantically around the boat and raising such waves that we could scarcely remain on our feet. The mystery was solved.

"The whale must have music!" I exclaimed, accelerating, and marvelling as it worked like a charm on the whale. It seemed to have a great liking for the loud rhythmic sound of the engine but spluttering syncopation was definitely not to its taste.

Enjoying music which only it could appreciate, the monster that had almost consigned us to Davey Jones' locker now swam contentedly alongside.

# ODDS and BOBS

"No one who does what I do for a living can be certain what tomorrow will bring..."

"What are you — a sapper?"

"No, a weather man."

"Mummy, if you still won't let me have an ice cream, well, the next time we go out on a bus I shall call you Grandma all the time."

"Don't jump off until the tram stops!"

"I'm in a hurry to get to the hospital."

"Carry on then."

"Did she accept your proposal?"

"Yes, but she wants to wait a bit."

"Does she?"

"Yes. She said: 'My dear man, you're the last person I'll marry.'"

"What do you find is the best thing for getting the floor clean?"

"My husband."

"You know, my husband and I have absolutely identical tastes."

"How amazing."

"Well, yes — but it took him five years to get into the way of it."

"Doctor, is it true that women live longer than men?"

"It is absolutely true if you are talking of widows."

If a person is without a single shortcoming, this is unquestionably his greatest shortcoming.

"If these verses don't suit you, I shall send some others."

There is no need to be vengeful. Better to turn your back on your enemies.

## Is Your Meat Your Poison?

*Concerning some debatable issues of Dietetics*

by Dr. Alexei POKROVSKY,  
Director of the Dietetics Institute,

Member of the USSR Academy  
of Medical Sciences.

from the newspaper PRAVDA

*Some illnesses such as atherosclerosis can be directly related to deviations from correct principles of diet. The same applies to susceptibility to infectious diseases, depression and a lowered capacity for work. What are these principles? What common dietary recommendations can be made for rapidly growing children and elderly people, athletes and sedentary workers, Americans and Russians with their differing eating habits? Dieticians say that although climate, age, sex, character of work and national traditions influence diet there is one underlying principle upon which all good diets are based: the diet must be balanced, it must contain optimal proportions of various foods and consequently of their constituent proteins, fats, carbohydrates, mineral salts and vitamins, all of which are vital to the maintenance of good health and a high work capacity. Dr. Alexei Pokrovsky discusses the value of sugar, butter, meat and eggs, foods about which there has been great controversy in recent years.*

*Are they nails in your coffin, or do they provide the basis of a well-balanced diet?*

According to John Yudkin, a British scientist who has demonstrated a relationship between sugar intake and the incidence of cardiovascular diseases, a daily consumption of little more than

five ounces of sugar does more harm than eating foods containing cholesterol.\*

His claim that sugar is more dangerous than any form of cancer has gained credence throughout the world and has convinced many people that they should eliminate sugar from their diet.

Of course, excess sugar is likely to be bad for people, especially those inclined to obesity or sufferers from atherosclerosis. It is true, too, that after eating large quantities of sugar there is a sharp rise in the blood sugar, followed by a steep fall and this has an adverse effect on the nourishment of the body cells, especially the cerebral tissues, and can lead to nervous breakdown. But Yudkin's total sugar veto is wrong. Sugar has a high calorific value and it is easily assimilated.

Actually it is good for young people to consume about three ounces of sugar each day, including the sugar contained in various foods, such as fruit. The figure could be somewhat higher for sportsmen and people engaged in heavy labour. The main thing is to avoid eating large amounts of sugar at one time, and also not to eat sweet things instead of other foods, particularly those containing protein. If a person is inclined to obesity, or when he is

\* Poor cholesterol metabolism leads to atherosclerotic changes in blood vessels, including the heart and the cerebrum, causing angina pectoris, infarction and cerebral haemorrhage.

past the age of 40, sugar consumption should be reduced. But sugar is a valuable food and should not be cut out entirely.

Extensive study of statistics has led many clinicians and pathologists throughout the world to the belief that the excessive use of butter, eggs and meat was harmful to the health. They noted that during the First and Second World Wars the incidence of heart and atherosclerotic diseases dropped. These were times of serious food shortages, especially of butter, eggs, milk and meat.

War changes more than the nature of the diet. It changes the entire way of life of the population. It has a bad effect on the emotions and increases nervous tension immeasurably. If, as many experts believe, the nervous factor is the critical one in the incidence of heart diseases and atherosclerotic conditions it was to be expected that these illnesses would be more prevalent in war time, but the contrary is the case.

In the post-war years a comparative study of the incidence of cardiovascular diseases in different countries has shown that they occur less frequently in countries where the staple diet consists mainly of vegetables.

This is all quite true, but some popular science writers, instead of drawing the correct conclusion that the harm lies in the consumption of excessive amounts of animal food, insist that butter should be boycotted by everyone, no matter what

their age or the state of their health, that eggs and meat are bad for the health, and that the production of margarine is merely spoiling natural food.

They claim that atherosclerosis can be prevented by the consumption of fantastic quantities of maize oil and olive oil.

These claims are quite groundless. The biological value of each food must be assessed from every angle. In appraising butter and other milk fats we should remember how suitable they are for the alimentary systems of new-born babies and young children. From time immemorial butter has been recommended as an easily assimilated source of fat for sick people.

Eggs cannot be regarded merely as concentrates of cholesterol. They are a source of the most valuable proteins known to science.

Eggs and butter are excellent foods. Middle-aged and elderly people and sufferers from atherosclerosis should exercise moderation in their butter and egg intake and should lean more towards vegetable fats, but for young people, especially if they go in for sport, these foods are basic.

There is a great deal of controversy about meat. Some authorities such as Dr. Henry Beller of the United States claim that most chronic illnesses today stem from excess animal food in the diet, and call for either a drastic reduction in the amount of meat

consumed or for cutting it out completely.

But they face strong opposition from the hearty meat eaters who quite correctly point out that meat is an excellent source of protein, with a well-balanced amino-acid composition, and that it is easily assimilated. Real meat eaters cannot feel satisfied after a meal that does not contain meat.

The ranks of the meat eaters are growing all the time. In the Soviet Union, for instance, the majority of the urban population eats meat at least once a day and some eat it twice or even three times daily.

But caution is necessary here. Meat is unquestionably one of the key sources of high-value protein. It might even be called a protein concentrate, but it is precisely this characteristic which can be dangerous, for it results in the production of organic waste matter in the system which can poison the organism and shorten human life. This is particularly relevant to people suffering from hypertension, kidney trouble and diseases of the liver and joints.

Basically there is no difference between the proteins of meat and those of other foods. Biologically the proteins of milk are just as valuable as the meat proteins, and there is evidence that the proteins of eggs and fish are even better. The protein in white bread is poor, but in some other vegetable foods such as soya, buckwheat and potatoes, although the protein content is small, it is of high

quality. This means that a vegetarian diet, provided it includes milk and eggs, can meet all the requirements of the human organism.

Dr. Beller is right when he asserts that measures to prevent many diseases include the provision of clean air, fresh water, pure fresh milk, natural food, not preserved or subjected to prolonged industrial processing, the use of natural fertilisers in the production of fruit and vegetables, and bread made of whole grain. But moderation in food consumption should be included too. Salad days or even weeks should be observed to rid the organism of poisonous organic waste — calorie-rich foods like meat, eggs, alcohol and even coffee should give way to salads, fruit juices and other vitamin-rich low-calories foods.

There should be no categorical

bans on any food. Even sugar, butter and meat may be included in the diet at any age. But as time goes by the diet should change.

Young children should start off on dairy products and cereals, fruit, vegetables, eggs and meat should be gradually introduced into their diet. Rapid growth demands a wide variety of food with the emphasis on sources of high-value protein such as milk, meat, eggs and butter. Normal healthy people between 20 and 40 years of age need no dietary restrictions. But people past 40 who have begun to put on weight and people who get joint pains in bad weather should realise that man's body ages sooner than his habits, and should accustom themselves to cutting down on sweets, bread, meat and eggs, instead they should eat more fish, dairy products, fruit and vegetables, and replace butter with oil.



## The Violin Collection of Oleg Bauder

by Vladimir Shishkin

from the newspaper  
KOMSOMOLET  
TURKMENISTANA

Oleg Bauder, a TV director in Kirov, north-east Russia, devotes all of his spare time to an unusual hobby. He collects and restores violins.

His room is cluttered with bits of wood, violin strings, necks and sounding boards. Violins — old and new, whole ones restored, and the pieces of dismantled instruments lie on shelves.

Bauder's initial acquisition bears a little label: "Nicolo Amati. Cremona, 1669."

In the opinion of experts, one of Bauder's violins was made by an apprentice of Antonio Stradivari. A close examination of the upper sounding board reveals a myriad of tiny cracks repaired by the amateur craftsman.

Bauder shows me an unusual-looking instrument. "This is the oldest piece in my collection. Strictly speaking, it's not even a

violin, but something in between a violin and its forerunner — a viol."

It has an uncommonly shaped sound box, and unusual sound holes, and its register is much lower than that of a violin.

Bauder displays his treasures, one after another. "Here is a violin that sounds rich and full in a large concert hall but in a small hall it is ideal for chamber-music."

The collection includes a violin of the school of Maggini of Brescia, violins made by the eighteenth-century German, Rauch, as well as nineteenth-century violins produced by the Russian craftsman, Pyotor Syshov.

But Bauder's pride and joy is a violin he reconstructed literally from bits and pieces: an instrument originally made by the Frenchman Jean Vuillaume of Paris.

## *First International Ballet Competition in Moscow*

*A total of 93 performers from 21 countries participated in the 1969 international ballet competition in Moscow.*

*Among the prize-winners were representatives of 10 countries — the Soviet Union, Hungary, Rumania, the German Democratic Republic, Cuba, France, Denmark, the United States, the Netherlands and Japan.*

*The following article is compiled from reports carried in the Soviet press.*

Each day of competition, the last to file into their seats in the Bolshoi Theatre and the first to leave were the hard-working members of the jury. Their entrance was invariably greeted by applause from the packed audiences at the First International Ballet Competition. Outside in the foyer, balletomanes would surround the famous ballerinas, choreographers, composers and ballet critics — among them Galina Ulanova, chairman of the jury, Yvette Chauvire (France), Maya Plisetskaya (USSR), Tom Schilling (GDR), Alicia Alonso (Cuba), Agnes de Mille (USA) — and plague them with questions as to their impressions. But to the

disappointment of the fans the jury members steadfastly refused to satisfy their curiosity.

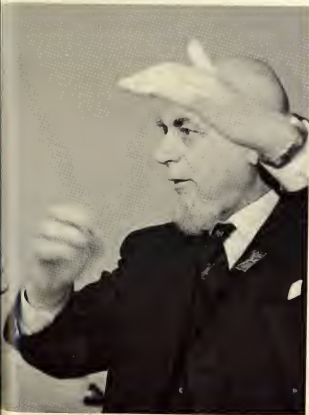
The competition was open to dancers between the ages of 18 and 28 and divided into three sections: men's solo, women's solo and pairs. There were three rounds and the dancers were marked on a 25-point system.

In the first round, the dancers were required to do a classical pas de deux or solo variations. In the second round they had to perform a fragment from a ballet choreographed no earlier than 1966 as well as a classical number. In the third round they had to dance a pas de deux or solo from Russian classical ballet as well as any

Soviet dancers Natalia Bolshakova and Vadim Gulyaev, bronze medalists, in "Meditation" set by the Soviet choreographer Kasyan Gulezovsky to music by Massenet.



Arnold Haskell (right),  
British ballet expert,  
who was on the jury  
of the International  
Ballet Competition,  
with the well-known  
Soviet choreographer  
Pyotr Gusev.





Gold medalist Mikhail Baryshnikov (USSR).

modern one. The classical numbers could not be repeated in any round.

Out of the original 93 competitors, 27 went onto the third and final round. It must be noted that many dancers who took part were products of schools which have been in existence for only a few years. Others, of course, were graduates of choreographic schools with a long and honourable history.

The first night of the third round was devoted to modern ballet. Spectators were able to study the various tendencies existing in different schools as demonstrated by the dancers of 10 countries. It was interesting to trace the organic connection between the classical ballets of the past and contemporary choreography.

On the final evening, the Russian classics came into their own. The interpretations varied widely. Each nationality, French, Japanese, Danish, American, etc. brought something of its own to the Russian classics. Even the Soviet dancers (who came from different schools in the country) each had their own approach.

When the curtain came down for the last time and the applause died away, the jury hurried out with an abstracted air. Ahead of them lay a long and sleepless night. In fact, the sun was high before they emerged from the jury-room. In secret balloting, 19 gold, silver and bronze medals were awarded.

In the evening of the same day the awards were presented and the closing ceremonies held. Nineteen laureates and eight diploma winners came out on the stage.

The USSR Minister of Culture, Ekaterina Furtseva, thanked the jury for their arduous work, for their objective and just evaluations. She congratulated the winners and expressed the hope that the laureate titles they had been awarded in Moscow would serve to open the doors for them to the world's top ballet theatres.

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#### COMMENTS BY ...

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**Agnes de Mille, well-known U.S. choreographer.**

I was able to see so much here in Moscow at the International Competition that I could not have seen anywhere else. The competition acquainted people with different choreographic schools. I liked Nina Sorokina and Yuri Vladimirov (USSR) very much, as well as Francesca Zumbo and Patrice Bart (France), my compatriot Helgi Thomasson, the Cuban girl Loipa Araujo.

It is heartening to see the tremendous successes achieved by Soviet choreography, which receives significant support from its government. Unfortunately, in the United States, where there are 67 classical and modern dance companies, the government gives no material aid toward the development of the art.

I am very happy that I was able to come to Moscow and take part in the work of the jury. Here I have become convinced that the people love the dance more than anywhere else in the world.

**Dr. Antonio Ghiringhelli,**  
director of Milan's La Scala  
and guest of the competition.

I am convinced that the date of the First International Ballet Competition in Moscow will go down in the annals of ballet. It is only natural that the idea of such a competition should originate in Moscow. The whole world knows of the enormous contribution made by Russian pre-revolutionary and Soviet ballet to the development of the classical dance in all countries.

I am very glad that as a representative of La Scala — a theatre which has close ties with the Bolshoi — I have had the honour to participate in the work associated with this wonderful competition.

**Serge Lifar,** choreographer of the  
Paris Grand Opéra.

I have dreamed of a meeting of ballet dancers of the world. And at last it has happened in Moscow and on a scale hitherto unknown, both in the number of countries represented and in the number of performers taking part. The competition has demonstrated the

huge successes reached by Soviet and French schools of choreography.

I would like to single out the latest achievements of Soviet ballet — the new production of the *Nutcracker* and the ballet *Spartacus*, mounted by Yuri Grigorovich. The cooperation between the older generation of Soviet choreographers — people such as Kasyan Goleizovsky — and young, talented masters is most fruitful.

**Maya Plisetskaya,** soloist  
of the Bolshoi Ballet.

In a short interview I cannot possibly mention the names of all the dancers who made a big impression on me. I can only name a few: Hideo Fukagawa of Japan, Loipa Araujo of Cuba and Helgi Thomasson of the USA. This trio of silver medalists is wonderful because each of them possesses an inimitable individuality. Then there were the two excellent Japanese dancers, Yukiko Yasuda and Ishii Jun, who were pupils of our famous teacher, Sulamif Messerer. And of course the French pair, Francesca Zumbo and Patrice Bart, and the Soviet couple Nina Sorokina and Yuri Vladimirov.

A few words on the jury: the decisions were exceptionally objective and fair. I believe this was due not only to the concentrated work of the members, but also because of the tremendous contribution made by our chairman, Galina Ulanova.

## IN THE METRO

by Sergei VORONIN

from the magazine ZVEZDA

She recognised him immediately. He could have been wearing a hat, he could have been hatless, he could have worn a cap, could have had grey hair, a moustache or a beard, but she would have known him all the same, for all these long years she had remembered him and had thought with sadness many times of that bitter day when they parted.

She recognised him and abruptly turned away so that he should not see her. Something happened which she had not experienced for a long time — confusion rose within her, she blushed, ashamed of herself — toothless as she was, carelessly dressed and old before her time.

The grey strip of the tunnel slid past the window marked by lone lamps at regular intervals. The carriage rocked. A gentle artificial breeze fanned her face, calmed her down and her heart gradually began to beat more quietly. Then the thoughts came crowding in to her mind.

"My God, it's him... Him!" — was the first thought. "And scarcely changed" — was the second. Then came a whole torrent of thoughts, evoking me-

mories, and they came in a disorderly jumble — days, brief minutes, some word or other, the sound of his voice, breaking away scrap by scrap from the past. Suddenly a remote, carefree feeling stole over her, enveloping her like a warm cloud, and then she heard his laugh, and, as though in a mirror, saw her own mouth, her gleaming white teeth and the full lower lip which he so liked, she saw his bright eyes looking lovingly at her. Around them there was sunshine...

It was wartime. Her husband was away at the front as an aircraft mechanic. A gloomy, round-shouldered man, he had made her life a misery with his jealousy, his humiliating suspicions. He simply could not understand why such a beautiful girl as she had married him. Once when he had had too much to drink he had snatched up his pistol and sworn to kill her if he noticed the slightest sign of unfaithfulness. Even when their son was born he had not calmed down at all but had become more suspicious than ever.

What had held her back, what had stopped her leaving him? Was it love? But there had been



no love. Pity? No. By then there was no more pity . . . So what was it? It was shame. She was afraid, stupidly, to face her parents and friends. If she left him everyone would realise that she had made a mistake, and would laugh at her . . . How stupid she had been then! And who knows how it would all have ended, perhaps in some fit of craziness he really would have shot her, but the front line drew nearer to the airfield and all the families were ordered to evacuate urgently. She had gone to her sister, who was living in the Caucasus, with surveyors carrying out preparatory work for some road of vital importance to industry.

Until the very last minute, right until the train began to move, she still could not believe that she was going away. Smiling at her husband, into his cold eyes, she made soothing conversation, assuring him not to think bad thoughts about her, that everything would be all right, and putting a dash of false sorrow into her smile so that he would not realise how overjoyed she was at leaving him. Even when the train had pulled out, the station had disappeared from view, and he was left far behind, when nothing could possibly turn her back in that direction — she still could not believe in her good fortune. It was only the next day when the steppe was flashing past the train window that her fears vanished and she understood that she had broken away.

The road surveying party lived in an Armenian village high in the mountains. To her, who had never been to the south, it was astonishing to see the clouds steaming and gliding over the mountain spurs, flowing, congregating, then parting in the face of a head-wind, blotting out the sun, and throwing a soft shadow over everything that lay below. Then the flat roofs of the rough stone houses huddled together still closer and people seemed to become lighter and to float soundlessly along the steep paths, to merge with the vineyards. The gorge acquired an air of mystery, from its depths came the muffled gurgle of a mountain river . . . But the clouds disappeared, everything was lit up by the sun, and high in the sky white snow gleamed eternally pure; the guttural speech of the Armenians sounded out plainly. The silhouettes of the huge nut trees were sharply defined, the air was clear, the distance near and transparent.

Everything was astonishing there, quite unlike that part of the country in which she had been living with its bogs, its rain, and its low, oppressive sky, which seemed to be reaching to the very earth. And the most astonishing thing of all was love. She had not been thinking of it, she had not expected it, and to begin with she did not realise what had happened. She had simply found it easy and pleasant to chat with the tall engineer wearing a Russian-style side-fastening shirt tucked into his

trousers and a tussore jacket slung over his shoulders. But she found it easy and pleasant to talk to others, for her heart was no longer weighed down by all the burdens that had been oppressing it.

"Nika, try it, they're marvellous grapes!" he said in a soft deep voice, coming towards her on the cool verandah and piling great bunches of grapes onto the table, out of his straw hat. "Have you ever tried this kind?"

"Never seen them before."

"Grigori, come here!" He sat her little boy on his knees and gave him a heavy cluster of purplish black grapes sticky with sweetness. "Nika, won't you sit down with us?"

He was so spontaneous, so nice, that she could not possibly refuse. She sat down and looked at him with a smile. Big and strong, he had touchingly picked out the most beautiful cluster of all for her. As she caught his glance she realised that he liked her. She did not take her eyes off his face, simply veiled them a little so that he would not notice how they had grown darker.

The verandah looked out onto the mountains, which rose immediately across the gorge confining the gurgling river. They rose in terraces higher and higher, until their snow-covered caps almost disappeared into the sky. "Why not come into the mountains," he suddenly said. "Let's go!"

She went with him.

She was wearing a sleeveless

summer dress with a low neck. It was pulled in tightly at the waist with a patent leather belt, which somehow seemed to make her hips look more rounded and her legs longer. Although she knew that she looked attractive, she was shy, and when they went over the narrow bridge across the chasm, she let him go first. She should have worn plimsolls for such an outing, and then it would not have been so slippery as it was now in her leather-soled shoes. Almost every minute she slipped on the stones worn smooth by the passing of centuries, and he would grip her tightly by the arm — and show no hurry to let go. With a gentle movement she would free herself, feeling her heart stand still each time from the touch of his hand. And she tried to pick her way more carefully.

For some reason the mountains had looked bare to her, but as soon as they got outside the village they were among a mass of spiteful, twisted bushes. Among them were clumps of blackberry bushes covered with blue-black fruit. She began to pick them, and he helped, pulling from the tangled thorny depths the branches with the biggest clusters of blackberries. Soon their lips were purplish-black. They looked comic, and she burst out laughing.

"How wonderful you are!" he said in delight.

"Oh . . . it's just that it's so good here. It's incredible that it could be so good."

"Even if it were awful, you're still wonderful."

Her husband had never said things like that. Even before they were married he had never told her she was wonderful.

"We were going to climb some mountains. Do you call this mountains?" she asked in embarrassment, and hurried on in front.

It was a winding path. The sun was shining, but it was getting cooler now, and when they reached the summit and saw on all sides an endless succession of snow-capped mountain peaks, deep, deep hollows, and sheer precipices, they both felt a surge of exhilaration, and it seemed as though they were alone in all this wild and splendid world. Then the thought came to her that before this day she had never lived, and that life was only now beginning for her.

"Nika!"

As if for the first time she saw his wide blonde eyebrows, his sunburnt neck, his eyes looking lovingly upon her. She remembered her husband, who had gone to the war. With him she recalled millions of other husbands, fathers and sons . . . and suddenly the day darkened. She hung her head and slowly, then gradually faster and faster, walked down the home-ward path. He caught her up, walked in silence for a few paces, then stood stock still.

"What's the matter, Nika? Have I upset you somehow?"

"No."

"Then what's up?"

She flinched beneath his gaze,

for in it she read so much bitterness and bewilderment. She turned and replied in a dull voice: "I've a husband at the front."

"But you don't love him, do you? No? I feel you don't."

"No, but he's at the front . . . I got a letter from him yesterday."

She was not lying — she had received a letter from him. "Look here, Veronica," it said, "mind you behave yourself. I'll live through the war, I'll come back, and if you've been up to anything you'll be sorry for yourself."

It was as though she went into mourning from that day. And whenever he came — big, and as gay and noisy as ever, she answered with reserve and took her son in her arms more and more. One day she told him he had better not come again.

He came no more, and it was only then that she realised how accustomed she had become to him, to the sound of his voice, to his firm, light tread as he came up the steps to the verandah, looking at her with happy eyes. She realised that she had said goodbye to happiness. She grew thin, and was often in tears.

"Never mind, you'll get over it," counselled her landlady, mother of five. "Why go to another man when you've got a husband already? You have to be virtuous. That's the kind of woman a husband likes."

"I didn't want to interfere," Veronica's sister said, "but down inside I was against the idea.

After all, you must think of the boy. You can't rob a child of its father . . ."

The designers' wives began to be more sociable to her. They'd all noticed, it seemed, they all knew about her affairs. Well, now no one could possibly think badly of her, her conscience was clear. But how sad she was!

"You're working far too much. The war will be over soon, and your husband will be back. You'll have to look presentable," she was told by the chief engineer, a desiccated hook-nosed old man, with a surprisingly youthful twinkle in his eye. "You needn't really work in the evenings."

Everyone was very considerate, and very friendly.

"I'll do the same as everyone else," she said with a melancholy smile. "The same as all the rest."

No, she hadn't transgressed, she was once more within the bounds of convention. Well, what could you do, she asked herself — your husband's at the war, you're the wife of a man at the front . . . a child must have its father . . . That's the way it is . . . everything's as it should be . . .

She did not meet him again until the day she was leaving. The work was finished, and she was being sent away with the first contingent. The surveyors were in a gay, noisy mood, as they crowded onto platform. She held her son by the hand and gazed into the distance, to the snow covered summits. Clean, majestically calm, they were beyond her

reach. They were so far away that she could have cried.

"Where are you going, Nika?"

She looked at him, dumbstruck. He was so changed, his cheekbones were too prominent and his tussore jacket looked far too big.

"Have you been ill?" she asked compassionately.

He gave an uncertain smile and gestured with his hand.

"No. So you're going away?"

"Yes . . ."

"Where to?"

"Leningrad. To my mother."

"Yes, you're a Leningrader, aren't you . . . How long is it since I last saw you, Nika . . ."

"Yes, it's so long . . ."

The train drew in. The crowd on the platform hurled itself at the coaches, but the attendants had picked up some useful experience during the four years of war. They ranged everyone up along the platform and started to let the women with children on first.

"Goodbye, Nika," he said, sombrely.

"Goodbye," she said, steeling herself to speak in a formal detached manner. But then, gulping back her tears, she fell into his arms. The thought flashed instantly into her mind. "Why am I going away? What kind of life will I have there? I must stay, I can't go back!" That was followed by thoughts of her son . . . How could she take him from his father? She immediately tore herself away, and began to hurry onto the train.

Her husband hadn't changed at all.

"I know your kind," he said on the very first day. "In the army we call them camp-followers. I suppose you weren't any better."

He began drinking the very day of his return.

What held her back then? Get away, and finish with him! It still wasn't too late. But she seemed to be held there like a slave... And he went on drinking, cursing her, humiliating her. The years went by. Her son grew up, got married and went

away. From him the letters came rarely. Her husband drank and drank, until finally he ruined his liver, and now she was on her way to the hospital to visit him.

The grey strip of the tunnel slid by the window, marked by lone lamps at regular intervals.

"Oh, my God, it's him, him!" she thought again and looked in his direction cautiously, so that he would not notice her.

But in his place sat a bearded youth immersed in a book. He had gone.

## THE HEIGHT OF FASHION...

from the newspaper  
KOMSOVOLSKAYA PRAVDA

**THE HEAVIEST NECKLACE OF ALL** was worn by Negro tribes, the Mongoos, at the beginning of this century in the Congo Basin. Each necklace weighed 27 pounds.

**THE BIGGEST DRESS OF ALL** was made for the coronation of the Russian Empress Catherine II. The train was more than 70 yards long and 7 yards wide, and it was borne by 50 pages.

**THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS OF RINGS** were the fashionable ladies of imperial Rome. They would wear two on each finger of both hands. Furthermore, they would change the whole set with the seasons of the year. Summer rings were smaller

and lighter, while winter rings were heavy.

**THE WIDEST AND MOST SPHERICAL-SHAPED TROUSERS** were worn by Englishmen in the sixteenth century in imitation of the Spaniards, who were then the trendsetters. In order to round out their trousers as much as possible the men packed them with horse-hair, tow and bran. There was hardly room for Members of Parliament to sit on the accustomed benches in the House of Commons.

**THE VERY WIDEST SKIRTS** (they were on frames like big panniers) were in fashion in the mid-eighteenth century. At hip level they were as much as two yards across, while around the hem they measured eight yards or more.

**THE MOST COMPLICATED COIFFURES** ever known were devised by hairdressers at the same period, that is in the mid-eighteenth century. Each coiffure required two pounds of pomade, three pounds of powder, a dozen yards of tulle and about 100 hair-pins. In the middle of this structure there was often a flask of water for fresh flowers. This extravagance, of course, had some determined opponents.

**THE MOST CONVINCED OPPONENT** of the old-style

court costume was the French President Emile François Loubet at the beginning of the century. In 1903 he was invited to visit Edward VII in order to be presented with the Order of the Garter by the English monarch. According to court etiquette both of them — the King and M. Loubet — were supposed to appear at the ceremony in short breeches and silk stockings. The President begged the King's pardon, but firmly refused to wear short breeches. At the same time he declined to accept the Order.

**THE COLDEST COLD WAR** (literally) against fashion was once waged by Napoleon Bonaparte. The ladies of his Court were then wearing dresses made of muslin and tulle, pretending to be unaware of the Emperor's constant concern to support and encourage the French textile industry producing heavy silks. The ladies utterly refused to wear velvet and brocade even in winter. And one day when the weather was at its coldest all the stoves in the Tuileries were extinguished. The Emperor threw down the gauntlet to fashion, calling on people to show common sense and a natural concern for their own health. Fashion triumphed. Risking illness and even death, the ladies continued to appear at the palace in their flimsy dresses — merely because they were fashionable.

Optional... This spot in the foothills of the Great Caucasus Range is a focal point for the ascent of the mountain above. It was here that we were to get a taste of the cold — although the thermometer temperature is only about 30 degrees Fahrenheit, the proximity of the sun has its effect. The entire slope you see here is well on the way to 4,000 feet above sea level. In the background is the 14,000-foot peak.



# DOMBAI

Wild mountains are pleasurable, but they are still more enjoyable if there's comfort to come home to at night — and that's what the Sunny Valley Ski Base is for.

Despite the frost, these turbulent mountain streams do not freeze in their headlong descent.





A quick check-up — has she got frost-bite, or hasn't she?

Where shall we go today? The warm Black Sea coast is less than 40 miles away — but that's as the crow flies. And they've got their alphas set on the Caucasian summits.

Not the kind of thing he's used to at home, but he seems to like it.



# A Man of Many Tongues

by Teodor AUERBAKH

from the magazine  
DRUZHBA NARODOV

In 1661 a Catholic student faced an inquisition trial on charges of "mastering with unbelievable speed one language after another, which is impossible without the aid of unclean spirits". In vain the student tried to explain to his persecutors that he owed his linguistic successes to a thorough knowledge of Latin and ancient Greek. He was condemned to death.

It is said that Iosif Dvoretzky of Moscow knows "all the languages of the world". I have known him for nearly 35 years. On many occasions I have consulted him about a variety of languages and dialects. Never once has he said: "I don't know". At one time I became interested in the Kashub language, possibly one of the least known of the Slavic group. Right off the bat, Dvoretzky told me more about it

than I was later able to glean from encyclopaedias.

I remember being present at a large gathering of foreigners. Dvoretzky left an unforgettable impression on me as he moved with ease from one language to another, speaking fluently with representatives of many nationalities from many parts of the world. I was not the only one to be impressed. A German writer who was with the group took me aside and said: "It is simply incredible! He sounds as if he knows all the languages in the world!"

Dvoretzky himself cannot precisely say how many languages he has mastered to perfection and how many he knows well enough to read, write and make himself understood. He knows not only modern languages but ancient as well. At 18 he knew the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* by heart.

"I learned Greek but now I remember only the first few stanzas of the *Iliad*," the German writer continued. "Even though German is my native tongue I succeeded in memorizing only parts of Goethe's *Faust*. But the two books by Homer are at least 10 times as long as *Faust*! Apparently, Dvoretzky has a phenomenal memory. It is obvious how he was able to become a polyglot."

"That is not the only reason," Dvoretzky argued, "I went in for Latin and Greek when I was a schoolboy. My schoolmates made fun of me. They thought I was just wasting my time: what's the use of learning dead languages, they would say. It's like trying to

revive a corpse... But I had read that Latin, Greek and Sanskrit give the key to a deep understanding and mastery of many other languages, particularly those of Indo-European origin. Now I know from my own experience that this is really so."

On one occasion, a scholar of ancient Greek who had made a study of Homer in the original, overheard Dvoretzky quoting passages from memory from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

"I don't know about your knowledge of other languages," he said. "But as to your Greek, you're a real Hellene. Probably the only one in the past fifteen hundred years!"

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## LINES AND PROPORTIONS

In the evenings gay crowds gather round a new municipal building in the centre of N. This immense, light-flooded glass cube is a pleasure to behold with its clean modern lines and proportions. "A poem in glass and aluminium" is what the architecture-conscious residents call their new City Baths.

## SENSITIVE SURGEON

Nikolai Kuznetsov was taken to hospital in a critical condition to be operated on by Dr. I. I. Ivanov. He was saved by a miracle — the surgeon had left the previous day to take a refresher course.

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Illustration to the  
legend "Sadko". By  
Kaleria and Boris  
Kukuliev, 1968.





*Palekh boxes are colourful, fairy-tale caskets, with pictures in shimmering rainbow colours painted on black lacquer. It is delicate work, requiring the touch of the miniaturist. And neither from touch nor sight would you imagine these boxes to be made from papier-maché.*



Illustration to a Russian folksong.  
 "We braked and scatched the flax".  
 By Ivan Bakanov, 1925.



"The Dance". By Ivan Zubkov, 1925.



"Back from Work". Casket by Ivan Markichev, 1933.

"The Shepherd". Casket by Ivan Golikov, 1934.





"Two Wedding Troikas". Design from a glove box by Ivan Golikov, 1924.

Illustration to "Story about the Czar Saltan". Casket by Alexander Koltukhin, 1934.

Illustration to Pushkin's "Story about the Fisherman and the Fish". Casket by Ivan Zubkov, 1934.



"Reaping". Plate by Ivan Markichev.  
1932.

Composition on the theme of Push-  
kin's "The Caucasus". By A. Barn-  
nov. 1934.



The origins of the village of Palekh, in Central Russia, are rather obscure, but according to legend it was founded in the thirteenth century, when countless hordes of Tartars swept old Russia. The Tartars burnt woods and homes, and there was a great "palikha" — an old word for fire or burning. From this world the village, which arose in what was the Vladimir-Suzdal principality, a region famed for its craftsmanship, and particularly for its icon-painting, got its name.

Unknown masters from the village of Palekh created unique works of art — frescoes, icons and iconostases to decorate innumerable churches. The secrets of the artists were handed down from father to son.

By the end of the eighteenth century the local artists had won renown outside Russia, too.

The first of the foreigners known to have shown an interest in the work of the Russian icon-painters was Goethe, who on seeing some icons from Suzdal had nothing but praise for them. In 1814 Goethe expressed a desire to know something about these Suzdal masters, and in a letter to him on the subject the governor of Vladimir singled out the village of Palekh for special mention for its work in this sphere. It had 600 icon-painters, two of whom — Andrei and Ivan Kaurtsev — were outstanding for their miniature work. Two of their icons were despatched to Goethe.

In the old church standing in

the centre of Palekh some remarkable works by the old icon-painters are still to be seen — lime boards from which the stern ascetic faces of saints look out from amidst growing reds, greens, browns and golds. Not far from the church there is now a museum of Palekh art which has a variety of bright miniatures on view, examples of the exquisite work of local artists.

In Palekh's recent history a considerable role has been played by Ivan Golikov, the most outstanding of the Palekh painters.

When he was a young man Golikov painted icons — he was one of those who were allowed to paint everything except the faces. During the First World War he was at the front, and one day he chanced across a ruined German schloss in which he found a lavishly illustrated monograph on Raphael Santi. Thenceforth he carried it everywhere with him.

After the war and the Revolution, Golikov did murals for theatres in the provinces, and painted slogans and posters.

On a visit to the Folk Art Museum in Moscow one day he was so impressed by the caskets and snuff-boxes on display that he thought it would be a good idea for the Palekh craftsmen to make the same kind of thing. On a sheet of black lacquered papier-mâché that happened to come his way he painted, in gold and silver, fabulous beasts and birds which he had had on his icons, and brought his work to the museum.

"The Birch". Plaque by Anna Kotukhina. 1960.



"Sunrise". Miniature by Alexei Zaitsev, 1966.

The museum experts liked it, the artist received an order, and his decorated plaque was put on display.

At about the same time Golikov met Anatoli Bakushinsky, an art historian who had lived in Palekh for many years and cherished dreams of reviving the ancient art of painting. Bakushinsky sought out a number of Palekh masters who no longer lived in their native village, and invited

them to Moscow. He formed a group of five artists, and the former icon-painters began to produce work on secular themes. This was in fact the transitional stage from church to secular painting, and gradually a new style evolved.

The Palekh painters, including Ivan Golikov, were awarded a prize at an exhibition for their work. Now they were fired with the desire to go back to their own

village to work, to build up a cooperative into which the best local artists would be drawn. The Cooperative of Ancient Painting, as it was called, was formed in 1924.

Golikov and his colleagues had considerable difficulties to contend with, as a result of the changes in the material they were working with — now they were dealing with black lacquer on a papiermâché base. The main thing,

however, was the change in content of their work. A poetic vision had always been an integral part of Palekh art, but now they were concerned with secular instead of religious subjects.

Soon they were producing hundreds of superb miniatures, each artist with his own distinctive style that could not be confused with that of any of the others.

These lacquered miniatures ceased to be pretty decorations and developed into an art.

Palekh art is unique — unique in the character of the materials used, in its techniques and, finally, in its inimitable images.

Here, in the new art, to the line, colour and rhythm of the miniature was added spatial expressiveness.

The Palekh artists do not paint only caskets and plaques. Ivan Golikov, for example, has illustrated a unique edition of the old Russian epic *The Lay of Igor's Host*. Other Palekh artists have done designs for ballet and opera, painted murals for public buildings and restored wall paintings in old churches.

The original founders of the Cooperative of Ancient Painting — Ivan Golikov and his friends — have long since passed away. Younger generations, trained at an art school opened in Palekh, have taken their place. And the young painters are now seeking their own colours, their own tones and intonations, building upon the artistic experience of the old masters.

## THE FATE OF THE DEER

by **Rosislav DORMIDONTOV**  
from the weekly **NEDEL'YA**

*The spotted deer is a disappearing breed. How can this wonderfully beautiful and useful animal be preserved? This article tells of what is being done about the problem in the Soviet Union.*

Once upon a time the spotted deer inhabited the thick forests of South-East China, Korea, North Vietnam, the islands along its coastlines and what is now the Soviet Far East.

Many centuries ago people discovered that the young, still not yet ossified antlers of the spotted deer contained a valuable healing substance. In the hunt for valuable antlers many deer were killed in the course of time, and at the end of the nineteenth century Russia had only about ten thousand of these deer.

In the Soviet Union they live in the Ussury taiga, in the woods of the Maritime provinces along the Pacific seaboard. In the warm damp climate there they are assured of an abundance of food amidst the lush green woods.

A large part of the year the deer remain in groups or whole herds. In the autumn when the antlers of the bucks ossify, there begins the tumultuous time of

love. The horned bucks roar, challenging their rivals to battle. Before the battle the deer beats its antlers against hummocks, and wallows in the mud, evidently on the principle that the dirtier he is the more frightening he will be to his opponent. The fight is a knightly joust, which rarely ends in tragedy. The victor collects around himself a harem of enchanting females and guards them vigilantly. In seven and a half months, in the summer, these produce little Bambis with bulging foreheads and huge eyes.

In the thirties attempts began to breed the spotted deer on state farms in the Altai region, near the Chinese border. The experiment was a success: the Altai deer bred faster than its maritime kinsmen. Now there are about 6,000 deer in the Altai.

Wild deer are also breeding. Small numbers — between 25 and 100 — are being moved to reservations in Moldavia, Arme-

nia and the Ukraine. The deer adapt themselves easily to the climate, the landscape and the food, and it is only in places where a great deal of snow falls in winter that the deer requires additional fodder.

In spring 1966 spotted deer were taken to the Northern Caucasus. The woods there are roughly the same as in the Maritime Territory and there is plenty of vegetation of various kinds. It has a warm climate — warmer than in the Ussury territory and the winter is shorter. Very little snow falls.

Two hundred deer spent nearly a month travelling almost all the way across the country by railway.

They became acclimatised immediately. Soon some began to leave the herd, and the female deer disappeared for long periods in the undergrowth. Before midday, in the evening and at night they silently disappeared to one and the same place and stayed there for quite a time. There was no doubt about it — the first calves were being born.

Later on the females began to move their little ones from place to place. On rainy days they hid them in alder thickets at the foot of rocks, and when it was hot they took them into the woods.

Meanwhile the males had cares of their own. The crowns remaining from the antlers they had shed began to itch and the

deer began to beat them against the hummocks and to tear the bark from the trees. In place of the crowns there appeared small dark bumps which quickly grew and were transformed into velvety young antlers. The time came to subject them to a rather humiliating but necessary operation. In order to obtain pantocrin — the medicinal substance contained in antlers — the antlers had to be cut off at the right time, before they had grown too much. With some deer it is possible to cut them fifteen years running. The operation takes a few seconds and is practically painless — it is merely necessary to blindfold the deer so that it is not frightened.

The first experiment in breeding spotted deer in Kabardino-Balkaria in the Northern Caucasus confirmed that it was possible to set up new deer breeding farms in the north Caucasian mountains. This can evidently be done in other areas, too, for instance in the Carpathians. This is essential work, for pantocrin, used for hormone disorders, among other things, is still a comparatively rare medicine. Apart from this, the spotted deer is a most attractive animal. It may be settled in parks in various towns — after all we put pheasants and swans in them.

And the more spotted deer we breed in our country the sooner we shall remove the fatal label "vanishing breed" from these animals.

# ASTRONOMERS ARE OPTIMISTIC

from the magazine *LITERATURNAYA ARMENIA*

Astrophysics may hold the key to a new great scientific revolution just as astronomy did to the first scientific revolution at the time of Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo and Newton, according to Dr. Victor Ambartsumyan, Director of the world-famous Byurakan Astrophysical Observatory in Armenia and President of the Academy of Sciences of Armenia. Last year Dr. Ambartsumyan was elected President of the International Council of Scientific Associations at its biennial meeting in Paris. The International Council represents the leading scientific bodies of sixty different countries.

In this interview Dr. Ambartsumyan gives some indications of the scope of astrophysicists' work today.

**Q.:** How do you think astrophysics will develop during the next few decades?

**A.:** Astrophysics is advancing very rapidly. Today there are many big optical telescopes reaching further out into space.

Twenty years ago we could only really study objects in our own Galaxy which were not more than 70,000 light-years away. Now there are several thousand galaxies lying as far as 100 million light-years away which are under continual observation.

At the same time we are investigating worlds as far distant as thousands of millions of light-years. Naturally this work is only superficial at present, but perhaps

within 50 years we shall be in a position to make a closer study of these unexplored areas of the Universe.

Quite recently we obtained spectra of galaxies which lie much further away than 100 million light-years. The study of spectra provides one of the key sources of information about galaxies. Our powerful telescope at the Byurakan Observatory, which has the world's largest objective prisms, places tens of thousands of galaxies within our "visibility" range and enables us to photograph their spectra. Results have shown that some of these remote galaxies have quite different physical properties from



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those we know, and we have named them "Markaryan galaxies" after the scientist who is studying them at our Observatory.

There are many more interesting and unexpected phenomena for us to investigate. On Earth we work from the bottom of an air ocean. Imagine the prospect if we were to launch a telescope into space, or build an observatory on the moon! Such a project would take years of work and colossal resources, so we astrophysicists must be patient.

Q.: How does astrophysical research affect overall scientific progress?

A.: Astronomy provided the basis for the work of Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo and Newton in discovering the most important laws of physics. It was celestial mechanics which led Newton to deduce the laws of mechanics. However, since the late eighteenth century the major discoveries in physics have been made in laboratories.

Development of quantum mechanics, nuclear physics and the theory of relativity in the first third of this century have had a tremendous impact on astrophysics. Fundamental discoveries now come in a steady flow, and many recent ones await interpretation — giant explosions in stars, the activity of the nuclei of galaxies, quasi-stellar radio sources, galactic sources of X-rays.

Astrophysicists have striven to interpret them all on the basis of the established laws of theoretical physics. But it has proved to be very difficult, if not impossible. The flow of recent discoveries which lift the veil from increasingly challenging phenomena is becoming more and more powerful and many scientists believe that our present level of knowledge of the laws of theoretical physics cannot explain the new discoveries. They believe it is necessary to probe more deeply into the mysteries of the material world. If they are correct, this deeper penetration may become possible on the basis of astrophysical data. Perhaps we are entering a second period in history when astronomy will have an important impact on the general advance of scientific knowledge.

Q.: What about life somewhere else in the Universe?

A.: The gigantic scale of the phenomena studied by astrophysics makes a tremendous impression on all who are familiar with advances in this area of research — an explosion of the type which takes place on the weakest "dwarf" stars, stars smaller than our Sun, is equivalent to the combined explosion of about one thousand million hydrogen bombs! And the release of energy by supernovae — new, brilliant, distant stars — is thousands of millions of times greater still.

The gigantic scale of the pro-

cesses of the universe compared with those of our own planet could be oppressive were it not for the realisation of the power of human intellect which reaches out to stars lying tens of million of light-years away.

There must be highly developed civilisations on some of the planets circling some of the thousands of millions of suns in the millions of galaxies which we can study; technical difficulties have no doubt prevented contact with mankind so far. But it would be preposterous to imagine that we are doomed to eternal

solitude in space. The awareness that we may see some signs of life on very distant stars makes astronomical research exciting. No doubt it will take centuries of human endeavour before contact is made, but the remoteness of the possibility should not give rise to pessimism. It actually acts as a spur to the scientists. The overwhelming majority of them are optimists.

I would be delighted if the radiant optimism which is generated by the achievements of astrophysics were to infect all mankind.

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## SWINGING CHAPEL

The chapel of the ancient Armenian monastery of Arich is perched on top of a great hunk of rock. Several centuries ago an earthquake sundered it from the monastery which stands on a ledge in one of the many gorges cleaving the slopes of four-peaked Mount Aragats.

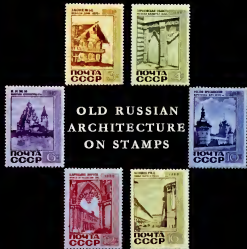
The chapel has stood firm, overhanging a precipice, though occasionally violent winds make it sway with the rock.

*From the newspaper AMURSKAYA PRAVDA*

## LENINGRAD SOIL IN THE ANTARCTIC

There are two reasons why vegetables will not grow in the Antarctic — the weather is not warm enough, even in summer, and there is no soil. The problem has been solved by the crew at the new Soviet station, Bellingshausen, on Waterloo Island. They built ho-houses and had several cases of rich soil delivered from the Leningrad area on the diesel-ship Ob. Now ripe red tomatoes and crisp spring onions enrich their daily diet.

*From the newspaper SOVIETSKY SAKHALIN*



Russian architectural monuments were the theme of a series of postage stamps issued in the Soviet Union at the end of last year. Artist Andrei Kotyrev. Copperplate printing on glazed paper. Combed perforations 12:12 1/2. Coloured background. Catalogue nos. 3754 — 3759.

A three-kopeck stamp features the house of a peasant in the Lake Onega region built in 1876. A fretwork wicket gate of a house built in 1848 in the Gorky Region is represented on a four-kopeck stamp, and a 1714 church and belfry on Kizhi Island, Lake Onega, are pictured on a six-kopeck stamp.

Only the axe was used to build these masterpieces of Russian wooden architecture — not a single nail.

The Kremlin of Rostov the Great, near Yaroslavl, dates back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Its walls and towers are depicted on a 10-kopeck stamp, while a 12-kopeck stamp features a gate in Tsaritsino, near Moscow, built by the architect Vassili Bazhenov in 1785.

The final stamp in the series, a 16-kopeck denomination, shows Rossi Street in Leningrad. The street is named after the eighteenth century architect, Karlo Rossi, who designed this ensemble, as well as many others in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad.

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## NUMISMATICS FOR ENTERTAINMENT

from the newspaper  
TIKHO-OKEANSKAYA ZVEZDA  
(The Pacific Star)

### A Prize of Three Tons of Money

In 1748 Empress Elizabeth of Russia awarded the great Russian scientist and scholar Mikhail Lomonosov a prize of 2,000 roubles for outstanding scientific achievements. The scientist was given the money in copper coins — weighing 3.2 tons. The prize was impressive in other terms: it exceeded Lomonosov's total salary for six years.

### A Coin of Disgrace

In his poem "Poltava" Pushkin compares Hetman Mazepa to Judas, who sold himself for "30 pieces of silver". It was not an accidental comparison.

When Czar Peter the Great learned of Mazepa's treachery he issued an order that a coin weighing ten pounds be cast. This coin, with an inscription stigmatizing the Hetman as a traitor, Mazepa was supposed to wear till the end of his days. Only his sudden death saved him from this public humiliation.

### Potemkin Money

"Potemkin money" is associ-

ated with a curious period in Russian history.

In 1787 Prince Potemkin, a favourite of Catherine the Great, invited her to make a tour of inspection of the south of Russia which under his supervision, he boasted, had become a land of plenty. On orders from Potemkin, facades of prosperous villages were constructed along the route in order to impress the Empress.

Part of this grandiose deception was the "Tauric" coins. On orders from the prince, the mint of the former Crimean Tartar Khans issued special low-grade silver coins worth 2, 5, 10 and 20 kopecks. They were larger in diameter than the ordinary state money, and at stops the Empress's retinue tossed these coins into the crowd.

The "Tauric" coins are now a great rarity — very few of them were minted. In all likelihood they were thrown to the peasants and later taken away and used in the same way at subsequent stops, since every night the sponsors of the "inspection tour" drove the same group of peasants from one "Potemkin village" to another.

Some prima ballerinas, you might say, are more prima than others. Some acquire the title simply because they dance solo parts, and when they leave the stage only the most fanatical balletomanes remember their names. There are plenty like that. The other kind, of which there are rather fewer, bring something of their own to ballet, enriching it, adding one more hue to its shimmering rainbow. No one forgets their names. Among such memorable dancers in Soviet ballet we have had Ulanova, Lepeshinskaya, Plisetskaya and Semyonova. No doubt people will also remember the name of Raissa Struchkova, one of the leading Soviet ballerinas of today.

Raissa Struchkova as Giselle.



by Olga Sakharova  
from the magazine *Oponyok*



RAISSA STRUCHKOVA, BALLERINA

Raissa Struchkova can do the possible and the impossible. The professionals in ballet say that nothing is beyond her.

The essential qualities bestowed on her by nature — purity of line and unusual plasticity — in combination with great working capacity, enabled her to master her art to perfection. The pattern of her classical dancing is immaculate. But it is not only the sheer technical skill of the ballerina that enchants her audiences, who reward her with stormy applause in "Giselle", "Don Quixote" and "The Sleeping Beauty", in which she dances the main roles, but her enormous emotional range, her charm, her professionalism and grace.

There are ballerinas who are "fashionable", who are in fact "the models of tomorrow"; there are others who are "the models of the past". Raissa Struchkova is neither. The term "fashionable" is as inapplicable to her as it is to the idea of beauty, and it is beauty on which her unique art is based.

In her childhood Raissa Struchkova was an ordinary girl who ran gaily about in the courtyard in scuffed shoes; and played at hide-and-seek with other children in the dark corridor of the enormous flat which her family shared with a number of others. But her playmates knew that



Struchkova as Maria in "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai".

whenever they heard music in Raissa's room they would not get her away from the radio. She had her own way of listening: her eyes darkened, her lips formed into a smile. She would start turning and gliding about the room, at first slowly, and then faster and faster and managed never to brush against chairs, table or bed as she danced.

Little Raissa was ever ready to dance. At a festival of talent from Moscow schools she stood out among the usual flocks of "flowers" and "butterflies", and her parents were advised to send her to study at the ballet school of the Bolshoi Theatre.

So Raissa passed all the entrance examinations, and joined the school. But then came the war, and the school left Moscow for the small town of Vasilsursk on the Volga. Life was not easy, but Raissa, who was a hard-working girl, became the top pupil and a great help to the teachers. She made friends with another pupil, Alexander Lapsuri, and they became inseparable. They shared a desk in the classroom, and they danced together at *pas de deux* classes. Finally they decided that they wanted to share life together.

Before the war was ended the eighteen-year-old newly weds returned to Moscow. In the unheated hall of a theatre



A character from an Eastern legend — Leila in "Leila and Medjoun".



Maid of honour in the satirical ballet "Lieutenant Kizhe".

studio they danced "The Hunter and the Bird" to Grieg's music. They danced beautifully, but they got no money, for the director realised that the 100 roubles they had earned would hardly buy them anything. He paid them with a loaf of bread instead. What a joy it was when Raissa and Alexander could bring home the bread they earned together for the family.

Today they cannot recall a single important event in their lives which they have not shared. But they share more than family and home, all their creative ideals and aspirations are in common, too.

In late autumn 1968 Struchkova and Lapsuri went on tour to France with a group of Soviet ballet dancers. It was a difficult tour. Sometimes their only rest after a performance was in a bus, where they could not even stretch their tired legs. The situation in the country was tense and disquieting. In Besançon, the local police warned the group that brownshirts had appeared in the town intent on wrecking the show. They were told by the theatre director just before the curtain went up that it was a tradition of the theatre that the performers remain on the stage after a performance to answer their audience's questions. The director told Struchkova and Lapsuri as the



Struchkova with Maris Liepa in "Romeo and Juliet".

leaders of the group that he hoped they would follow tradition. They agreed to the conference, but with some misgivings when they remembered the brown-shirts.

They are not likely to forget that evening in Besançon. During the first part Raissa Struchkova and Boris Khokhlov danced the pas-de-deux from Prokofiev's "Cinderella". Cinderella is one of Raissa's favourite roles, and as she danced she tried to put everything else out of her mind and concentrate on the role of this girl who is so beautiful and loved. The thought of the brown-shirts was nagging all the time, of course, but she tried to stifle it with another thought: "We'll show them what the Russians can do."

As the orchestra started the well-known melody, she glided smilingly onto the stage to dance her happy and wonderful Cinderella who found her love and who was now full of joy. Suddenly she was horrified by a sharp pain in her foot... A nail on the floor had pierced her shoe and penetrated her foot.

The smile was wiped off her face, her partner seemed to move away oddly — but in fact it was she who had made an awkward movement. Her foot was appallingly painful. But the awkwardness lasted only a second, and even the conductor noticed nothing

and did not slow down the tempo. "Another pirouette, another one, that's all for the moment," she ordered herself, and hurried off into the wings as the audience applauded. "They didn't notice it, that's good. I'll have that nail out soon..."

Back on to the stage again and across it in a series of breathtaking turns... The final support by her partner, and everyone burst into shouts of "Bravo! Bravo!" Raissa rushed into the wings, but there was still the press conference to go through. At last she was able to rip off her shoe.

"What's the matter with you, Raya, with all that blood on your foot?" someone asked.

"It's a nail..."

"You've been dancing with a nail in your foot?"

"What else could I do?"

They never discovered whether the brown-shirts the police had warned them about were in the audience or not. If they were, they must have kept silent. The conference was a great success, and the next morning the newspaper boys shouted as they jumped about trying to get themselves warm — France had a sudden spell of terrible cold: "Thaw in Besançon! Russian ballet performs! Thaw in Besançon!"

Raissa Struchkova is a pupil of Elizaveta Gerdt, whose name is well



Struchkova's best role — Cinderella in Prokofiev's ballet of the same name.



Struchkova — again with Marius Lépa, her constant partner, in "Giselle".

known to every lover of Russian ballet. Those who remember her performances say that all her heroines were extremely beautiful, and not only with outward perfection but also with an inner beauty of feeling.

When Elizaveta Gerdt left the stage she revealed another talent — she was a brilliant teacher. In Raisa Struchkova, a petite, fragile girl, Elizaveta Gerdt perceived the precious qualities of a future ballerina. Spirituality, a striving to experience thought emotions and not simply to enact a given movement. Even in the way she stood on stage there were Raisa's own unique aspirations and thoughts. She studied tirelessly, irrespective of time.

Her debut was the role of Liza in the ballet "Futile Precaution". Her role of a mischievous peasant girl who outwitted all others and achieved her happiness was danced with feeling and conviction. It was her first great success. Here Raisa Struchkova demonstrated her unique gift, the ability to understand and feel the character she was portraying and to subordinate the technique of classical dancing to emotions.

Dozens of other roles followed: the poetic, loving Giselle, the gay and witty Kitri in "Don Quixote", the pure and tragic Maria of "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai", the touching Cinderella, the queenly Aurora from "The Sleeping Beauty"... Each time the audiences saw a new, different dancer.

Whatever the role Raisa Struchkova always succeeds in revealing to her audiences the inimitable world of her character's feelings and emotion. She has danced alongside the great Galina Ulanova and the sparkling Olga Lepeshinskaya, yet she has never copied anyone. She is unique. This remarkable ballerina also has a rare ability as a dramatic actress. That is why every one of her characters is above all an integral image and a brightly drawn character. She never fails to express in her dancing deep thoughts and profound emotion.

Her audiences in the Soviet Union and in other countries are unanimous in praising her talent. "Struchkova's charm on the stage and off it defies description," wrote the British theatre critic Jane King. The critics in Ireland called her "the most wonderful ballerina in the world on the stage today."





## That Carping Conductor

by Vladimir NOVIKOV

condensed from the newspaper  
SOVIETSKAYA ROSSIYA

Imperatively the baton raps on the music stand to silence the choir, and the conductor's voice breaks in reprovingly: "I don't understand what you're singing. Do you understand it yourselves? If not, you'd better not sing it."

The sopranos go over the difficult phrase again and again. This is Professor Alexander Sveshnikov rehearsing with the Russian Folk Song Choir in the Big Hall of the Leningrad Philharmonic Society — a hall where a whisper reaches every corner.

Before I met Professor Sveshnikov I had heard something of his reputation from close and distant acquaintances, even from people who had never seen him. Accordingly, their impressions were quite different. On the one hand, I was told that he was a man of rare gifts, extraordinary artistry and inborn organisational talent. On the other hand, I heard that he treated people badly —

he was fault-finding, moody and grudging of praise.

I myself found that he was a curious blend of all these seemingly incompatible characteristics, a vivid personality with a difficult disposition, and quite impractical to boot. Yet none of the assessments I had of his character gave any real idea of him — they had left out the whole meaning of his life. This was the element that suddenly flashed out at that Leningrad rehearsal.

During a pause the professor related a story about Anatoli Lunacharsky, one of Lenin's fellow workers and the Soviet Union's first Commissar for Public Education. Lunacharsky told how he had met the members of a famous European quartet, who before they played Beethoven put their instruments aside and sat silent for a few moments, their hands placed together on their knees. When Lunacharsky inquired about this curious behaviour, one of the musicians explained that they always prayed before playing Beethoven. "Do you understand?" Lunacharsky exclaimed. "They pray-ay!"

This is virtually Sveshnikov's attitude, too, and he demands the same dedication from others. "Dedication" is one of the most frequently used words in his vocabulary.

To the layman his dogged perseverance may seem to be overdoing things. Even when complete harmony seems to have been achieved so that the

melody is revealed in all its wealth and purity, the conductor still wrinkles his brow in vexation, and the choir has to repeat the phrase over and over again. There is still something undiscovered. Then it becomes clear that he is not overdoing things at all — his is an uncompromising insistence on high standards. This is what has enabled Sveshnikov to build up one of the world's best choirs.

Sveshnikov has always been like that, ever since 1911, when at the age of 21 he graduated from the People's Conservatoire in Moscow and began to teach singing in a school. Soon afterward, he was running a choir at a factory owned by a rich industrialist and art patron, Afanasi Morozov, and later he became conductor of the choir of the Moscow Art Theatre's Second Studio. In 1928 he formed the Radio Moscow Choir and in 1937 he became art director of the Leningrad Academic Choir.

In the autumn of 1942, when the war was at its worst, Sveshnikov was in the Urals city of Sverdlovsk, where he began to build up what became the Russian Folk Song Choir. He has been its conductor ever since. In 1944 he was also appointed director of the Moscow Choral School, and created what has become a famous boys' choir. Two years later he went to the Moscow Conservatoire, of which he has been director since 1948. Each of the choirs Sveshnikov has conducted has become a top-

notch ensemble. And what a gift he has for bringing old songs to life again! He has established many traditional Russian songs as classics, remembered primarily by his arrangements of them.

The 60 years of experience of this choir leader have been truly amazing. The decades are passing, and in another year or so Professor Sveshnikov will be eighty! But just the same, he is on the concert platform several times a week.

The emotional effort that goes into a performance is past measuring. He once acknowledged that it leaves him just as exhausted as he was in 1919, when with the famous Russian writer Vladimir Korolenko he was organising settlements for starving children near Poltava in the Ukraine, and himself used to lug about 200 lb sacks of cereals for their porridge.

But in the hall, an ovation follows the concert, and one encore follows another. The conductor acknowledges a long succession of curtain calls. This is when one sees Sveshnikov at his most admirable, with his light tread, his elegant bows, and his hand indicating the choir as if to say: "You owe your entertainment to them, not to me."

Then, backstage, surrounded by former soloists of the choir who have come to the concert, as well as his friends and the autograph hunters, Sveshnikov smiles happily and says: "All's well that ends well!"

## Investigating Ancient Armenian Art Secrets

from the magazine  
LITERATURNAYA ARMENIA

The painters who decorated the pages of ancient Armenian manuscripts with beautiful miniatures and the walls of Armenia's very old churches with lovely frescoes were not only distinguished artists, they were also masters of the techniques of paint making. Their colours have remained fresh and bright through the centuries.

The secret of how the paints were made has been lost but it is certain that they were produced in Armenia from local materials and it should be possible to make them again today.

The mystery has tantalized modern Armenian painters and a few years ago a group of them, including the famous Martiros Saryan, called in scientists to help solve it.

A chemical laboratory was set up and research work was done on possible methods of obtaining high quality paints from tradition-

al local materials. In consultation with the artists the experts developed a paint with a colour range from palest pink to darkest red from the Shakhnazar rock deposit. Then by processing the Arzakan pigment they produced the yellows and browns. Good results have been obtained too, by extracting dyes from fruit stones.

These new paints, applied to canvas, rock, wood and other materials have been undergoing rigorous tests in an artificial climate chamber for the past two years. They have been exposed to tropical heat, arctic cold, torrential rain and heavy snow and thus, in a comparatively short time they have been subjected to a weathering which would normally take many decades.

The new paints are now undergoing their final tests — in the artists' studios.

# The Duel

The name of Yuri Vlasov is a highlight in the history of weightlifting. He has set more than 30 world records. In the four years between the Rome and Tokyo Olympics, Vlasov bettered the world record for the snatch, jerk and press by almost 70 kilograms, raising it to 580 kg. Besides sport, Yuri Vlasov has another hobby—books. At home he has a library of about 5,000 volumes, many of them rare editions. Vlasov himself writes and one of his stories is published here.

He pushed the bar into the void above him. As if alive, the void fought back. It squirmed, but still gave way, pulsating hot waves in changing colours.

He stopped breathing, muscles locked in tension. A supreme effort—an agonizing one. And he did not start breathing again after getting the weight up, in order not to jar the support of his muscles during the referee's count. That was when he felt he was losing consciousness.

The weakness had not yet seeped down to his muscles, though already he was deaf and blind. But he correctly calculated his reserve and let go of the bar just at the moment the referee called:

"Drop it," and he almost fell himself.

He had to fight himself to take the few steps off the platform. The floor seemed to be slipping away from under him. And there was no happiness.

Hunching himself forward, he directed his feet to the locker room. The fatigue rapidly flowed from his arms, and now they felt very light, almost like paper, especially compared with the dull pain in the small of his back. In the locker room he dropped onto the bunk and slipped into a haze, thinking bitterly that no one had any use for him any longer with his ex-fame and his champion's pride. And the only witness of

his ebbing strength, his body, would wither with age and his muscles turn flabby. Mountains of labour, wasted labour...

His coach deftly unwound the bandages from his wrists and slipped off the tricot tights. Deep red welts came up where the bandage had been. The man gave him a brisk rub down with a coarse towel and covered his tired and spent body with a warm plaid blanket.

"Believe me, I did not make a mistake," the coach said quietly. "I brought you to this very carefully. I took everything into account. The excellent performances in Moscow confirm this. And in general, bow long can we keep on making mistakes? We erred somewhere else..."

But he only watched his coach silently. He had long ago learned to estimate his chances of success from the tone and gestures of his coach. And today, judging by all the signs, his chances were very slim indeed.

What the hell was the difference, he thought, who was to blame? The main thing now was to hold out! And suddenly it came to him that he was old—too old for the struggle. And it seemed as if he were caught in a vice with someone turning the screws tighter and tighter. And there was no escape.

It had to happen some time, he thought. But not now, not yet. Well, this would be his last effort. And tomorrow it would all be behind him...

And the jaws of the vice squeezed harder and harder.

It was tough, he kept thinking. The door opened and the locker room filled with noise. The lock clicked and there was silence again. Someone sat down on the chair without saying a word. Then there was whispering.

He had never turned yellow or tried to duck out before giving everything he'd got, he said to himself. And then, after the final effort, smiling, he would carry his body home on wooden legs. And in public he had always managed to appear as cool as a cucumber, clean-shaven, well-dressed. If others began to realise how tough it was, it would be the beginning of the end...

The senior coach sat down next to him and said, "Man, you're made of iron. There's no wearing you out."

The "There's no wearing you out" hit him like a kick in the guts and he had to force himself to smile.

"All right, warm up for the next event — the snatch," the coach said and went away.

Testing the clasps, he dressed slowly. Now he could really feel the fatigue. His drowsiness was frightening. And a dull throbbing began in his back, a foretaste of the pain to come tomorrow. He bent over to limber up his spine. Something crunched.

He thought to himself: "I took chances during the years of intensive training. The price of fame and headline victories was

my own life. A resilient heart, broad shoulders and red circles in my closed eyes. Little by little I gave it all away. But I saw the goal — victory and new records. The rest was not important! I geared my whole life to that end — nothing else counted. And I did not falter even though everything alive inside me protested against such recklessness.

"But there was no end to my joy after a victory! I was the happiest man on earth then. I thought I could do everything, anything! For this alone it was worth it. Victory was the eternal and coveted goal of my life. Without victory I wither away. Without victory I become nothing, a dull, colourless void.

"And the most important thing during those days was to hang on to those wonderful feelings as long as I could. Especially the feeling

that to you everything was possible... To drink the sweetness of victory is truly a generous reward. Once you have drunk from this cup, you will never quench your thirst...

"When they asked me why I drove myself so hard just to lift an extra 500 grammes, I said nothing. I hugged my feelings to myself. I even saw them, yes, I saw them!

"And I was not ashamed of the crude and limited meaning with which I invested my life. Sport! To me every hurdle I cleared was the meaning of life itself..."

The coach opened the door: "Well, what are you waiting for?" he said. "Let's go!"

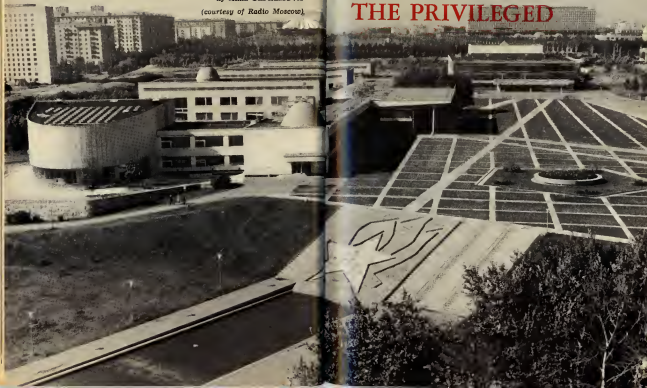
He walked behind his coach and already he could hear the deep rumbling roar of the crowd. And he could think of nothing now but the duel that was ahead of him.



The Moscow Young  
Pioneer Palace  
in the Lenin Hills

by Anna YEFREMOVA  
(courtesy of Radio Moscow)

# PALACES FOR THE PRIVILEGED





Do Pioneer Palaces keep youngsters off the streets? Ask any boy or girl whether they'd prefer the streets to a well-equipped photographic laboratory (left) ...

... or to the opportunity to pit their wits against Botvinnik himself in a simultaneous game ...



Most Soviet children from 10 to 14 years are members of the nation-wide Pioneer organisation. There is a pioneer detachment in every school and it is not hard to pick out the Pioneers for they all wear red scarves and a special badge. Its members pledge to work hard at school, help others who fall behind in their studies and to take care of smaller children. The Pioneers take an active part in school life and do all they can to prevent hooliganism and laziness.



Much of their free time out of school children spend at Pioneer Palaces. Every city has its own Pioneer Palace and large cities have Pioneer Houses in each district as well. These are not on the same grand scale as the palaces, but have the same kind of stimulating atmosphere.



... or to the chance of swimming instruction from a well-known swimmer in an excellent pool, or perhaps a painting lesson from an artist (left) ...

... or to attending a class for future cosmonauts and having a go at some of the training that real cosmonauts go through?

In the Pioneer Palaces children — who are definitely the privileged class here — can join groups on almost every conceivable subject — model-building, dancing, cooking, painting, poetry, astron-

omy, biology, radio engineering and a multitude of others.

The term "palace" is no exaggeration, for that is just what these buildings are. Apart from

the usual rooms and workshops there are fountains, gardens, arboreta; paintings by Russian and foreign artists hang on the walls; mosaic panels, and Lithuanian

stained glass are used for decoration too.

I visited the Moscow Palace of Pioneers on Lenin Hills recently. Before 1962 the site was one of the favourite spots for skiers in the south-western part of Moscow but in that year a group of young architects designed the modern complex which stands there now. The long three-

**Not the Botanical Gardens, but one of the lobbies at the Moscow Young Pioneer Palace**

storey buildings, linked by glass-walled corridors, have red and yellow outer walls decorated with geometric designs. In the spacious grounds beautiful gardens and an orchard have been laid out.

Twelve thousand children attend the 786 groups and studios in the Moscow Palace of Pioneers for out-of-school activities. Although it is called the Pioneer Palace, any child is welcome there. Seven-year-olds are taken by their mothers or grandmothers to puppet circles or to dance

groups. Older children, of course, go by themselves. They study literature, astronomy, and a host of other subjects, or make use of the wonderful sports facilities.

Four hundred experienced teachers conduct the groups, and every imaginable activity is catered for. This is financed by the Soviet Government, which also pays for the Palace's maintenance.


The children who attend classes at the Pioneer Palace and their teachers all agree that their school work in fact gains as a result.

Alyosha Kozlov and Yura Trubitsin are 13-year-old members of the Astronautics Society. They take specialised courses in arithmetic, geography, fundamentals of astronomy, draughtsmanship and the structure of rockets. I asked them if it was difficult.

"Not at all," was the smiling reply. "And it is so exciting!"

There are about 500 members of the society. Alyosha and Yura are in the pilot-astronauts' group. Besides their theoretical courses





Youngsters at a New Year Party at the Palace react to entertainment with laughter, healthy scepticism, or utter absorption.



The astronomy club of the Pioneer Palace in session.

These youngsters are learning something about the art of building.



they have training sessions on centrifuges and trampolines. Members of the biology circle examine them before and after the training sessions.

I asked the boys if they wanted to be astronauts.

"Pilots," was the reply, "and if possible astronauts too."

In the workshops of the science and engineering section of the Pioneer Place 2,500 children build working models of submarines, aero-sleighs, and motor-boats.

Near the door of the planetarium I met a thin young girl with large thoughtful eyes. She was Tanya Ivanova. Tanya is in the eighth year of a ten-year school, and she hopes to become an astronomer one day.

"When I was a little girl my mother used to tell me stories about the Moon and the stars. Now I am learning to calculate the orbits of comets and sputniks, to conduct observations of the planets and to 'read' the map of the starry sky. This is much more interesting than any tale," she told me.

All the science courses, including astronomy, are very thorough at the Pioneer Palace, and when members of the Astronomy Society leave secondary school they get a certificate entitling them to work at an observatory.

Tanya may not think that woman's place is in the home, but for those who do want to learn to be good housewives, one whole floor of the Palace is set aside. In spacious, light kitchens

girls learn to make cakes, bake pies, grill shashlyks and cook soup. There are classes in dress-making and knitting.

The gardeners' and botanists' circle provides fruit and vegetables for the cooks. The young botanists work in a winter garden and grow rare plants. There, beside a pool in which goldfish swam, I met one of the mothers. She was waiting for her eight-year-old son Volodya, who goes to one of the art groups.

She was Mrs. Tatyana Ryabikina. She told me that Volodya loved drawing and that he had been accepted into the group two years ago after showing the teachers some of his work. Mrs. Ryabikina hastened to say that her son was no genius. "But what is important is that he enjoys drawing and is eager to learn."

I asked her if she would like her son to become an artist and after a moment's hesitation she said no, not really, but that she did want him to understand real art.

"And then," she smiled, "he is always terribly happy when we are coming to the Palace."

Together we went into a studio to see the young artists at work. Seated before their easels they were hard at it. A strict academic style dominates the teaching, but it in no way inhibits the children's creative freedom. A ten-year-old boy was drawing a ghastly blue lemon. "It's sour," he explained. A little girl painted

some red astronauts — "They are brave," she said.

The blue lemon and the red astronauts will be exhibited later on with the more, academic-type paintings done with due regard to the laws of colour, and the proud parents will be able to assess their children's creations.

Members of different groups often work and perform together. The ballet class performs with the drama group, music with puppetry and the film and photography groups have close links with all the others.

I had a look at an exhibition of photographs and there saw glimpses of life in the Pioneer Palace. Some pictures showed theatrical performances, others sports competitions. There were photographs of specimens young hikers and archaeologists have brought back from trips to Kamchatka and Central Asia, and charming studies of funny little animals children have reared in the zoo circle.

One particularly interesting picture showed a young girl, all eyes and hair-ribbon, with a huge dog. She was a first-year dog trainer in a group which trains dogs to work for geological expeditions and she was demonstrating how the dogs are trained to locate ores by smell.

It was late when I left the Pioneer Palace. The children had all gone home, the lights were out until the next day when its halls and corridors would again be filled with noisy chatter.



Militia Lieutenant  
Grigori Kosykh, who  
won the pistol shooting  
title at the Mexico  
Olympics.



## A Sombrero for a Sportsman

by Mikhail LVOV  
Master of Sports of the USSR

from the magazine  
*SPORTIVNAYA ZHIZN ROSSII*

Grigori Kosykh is a Lieutenant of Militia. His hobbies are shooting and graphic arts. In 1961 Grigori Kosykh first made a name for himself by becoming the champion pistol shot of the Dynamo Sports Club. He went on to take the crown of the Russian Federative Republic, then of the USSR, Europe and finally reached the pinnacle of success at the Mexico Olympics in 1968 by winning the Olympic title in pistol shooting. Mikhail Lvov describes the day in Mexico City at the firing range Vicente Suarez when Kosykh won his laurels in an uphill battle.

### Target No. 20

With his pistol snug in its little black case, Grigori Kosykh sets off for the firing position opposite target No. 20. His movements, as he makes his preparations, are unhurried. Outwardly he is calm, but appearances are deceptive. In fact, he is extremely nervous and is unable to

overcome his tension during the warming-up shooting period.

Target No. 20 is located almost in the centre of the shooting range and the wind is stronger than toward the sides. Another drawback is that there are no first-class sharpshooters near him to increase the element of competition. Kosykh's recent illness and resultant fatigue which fre-

quently overcomes him are responsible for his present situation among the outsiders in the competition. He was unable to take part in the qualifying trials which would have placed him among the top candidates for the title.

Kosykh shoots. But he is unable to conquer the slight tremor in his outstretched arm. Out of his first six shots, four score only eight points. Definitely not in the championship class!

No wonder the few spectators who came to see the Russian shoot depart in disenchantment. They move off to another firing range to watch three sharpshooters who have spurred ahead in points — one each from the United States, West Germany and the German Democratic Republic.

At this bad moment, Kosykh finally gets a grip on himself. His arm steadies.

#### Six Rounds of a Tournament

Pistol shots crack. Kosykh's firing rate seems a trifle slower than usual but quite accurate. Nevertheless, his first round totals only 90 points out of 100. Multiply by six — the number of rounds — and you get 540, not enough to be among the prize winners.

In the second round, Kosykh runs up 96 points. In the third, 95, and in the fourth, 96 again.

To get an idea what this means on the shooting range, imagine that one runner has pulled away

from the pack by half a lap and that two-thirds of the distance has already been covered. Then suddenly another competitor emerges from the pack, begins to gain and is finally breathing down the neck of the leader.

That describes Kosykh's feat.

The strategy had been worked out beforehand in discussion with the coach, Victor Mikhailov. After every 30 or 40 shots, Kosykh was to take a break. But he glances at his watch and sees that time is running out. He has to get in his shots and decides to do without a breather.

A mistake.

It looks as though his shots are on the centre of the target but the dispersal is a bit greater than usual. The "bit" costs him valuable points. Many shots are almost within the 10-point ring but in fact score nine points. As a result, Kosykh rings up 93 points in the fifth round.

At one time, during shooting competitions, a "second" or the coach would be beside the marksman and after each shot would call "fine" or else "a bit to the right" or "a little high" and so on. The coach, knowing the quirks and idiosyncrasies of his man, would know when to encourage and when to soothe.

With all due credit to the sharpshooters of yesteryear, more is demanded of the contemporary marksman. He must be decisive in judgement and cool in nerve.

The sixth and final round...

The controller marks off the

shots. Kosykh is scoring tens and nines. Then, on his second to last shot — the 59th — he makes only eight. Four years of hard work and one ill-fated bullet threatens to wipe out his chances of an Olympic Gold Medal!

Kosykh lowers his arm and works his cramped fingers. He concentrates and tries to master his anguish. He still has time.

#### The Last Shot

Grigori Kosykh appears to be lost in thought. He is divorced from the world around him. If someone at this moment were to come up to him and point out that the spectators have shifted en masse to watch him, he would stare in surprise. He is oblivious to everything but the job at hand. In these crucial moments he thinks only of his last, deciding shot.

The noise and hubbub behind him mount in volume. At last it penetrates: Kosykh looks around and sees the exuberant crowd of Mexicans and hears the chant:

"Russiya, Moscow!"

He realises that he is close to the summit — to the eight-year-old Olympic record of 560 points set in Rome by Alexei Gushchin of Moscow. At that time he, Grigori Kosykh, was just embarking on his sharpshooting career.

But this is no time for reminiscing.

He has one bullet left. He has scored 552 points out of the

possible 600. If on his last shot he makes an eight, he equals Gushchin's record. Nine points and he beats it.

The crowd is now shouting, "Mertel, Kosykh, Mertel, Kosykh!" Mertel? The Soviet sportsman suddenly realises that the West German competitor, Mertel, has broken Gushchin's record.

It is up to him now.

Kosykh picks up his pistol and slowly takes aim. A hushed silence falls over the crowd. He is tempted to fire but lowers his pistol once more. Marksmen often speak of a hair-trigger, meaning that if a hair alights on the trigger it goes off. But to Kosykh it seems as if the trigger is heavy.

Most of the other competitors are through and have joined the crowd behind Kosykh. And still he does not shoot. Time seems to have come to a standstill. The air is electric...

Once again Kosykh raises his pistol. The shot rings out and the roar of the crowd rolls across the field. Bull's-eye!

Friends swarm round, slap him on the back, hug him, and the cheers are long and lusty.

Radio reporters surround him and his first words are words of gratitude to his coach, Victor Mikhailov.

Then comes the traditional prize — a sombrero.

"Actually," one of Kosykh's friends remarks, "it's a fitting crown for a crack shot!"

Mikhail Devyatayev, Hero of the Soviet Union, who in February 1945 stole a Nazi bomber so that he and fellow Soviet POWs could escape from captivity.



## Flight to the Sun

(excerpt from the transcript of Devyatayev's interrogation.)

by Mikhail Devyatayev, pilot Hero of the Soviet Union Anatoli Khorunzhiy, writer from the magazine UKRAINA.

### IN PLACE OF FOREWORD

This tale has two authors — the pilot and the writer. All that the one man lived through, experienced and recalled in words, the other expressed on paper. And the pilot Mikhail Devyatayev was fated to go through many ordeals in life. In July 1944 he was wounded in an aerial battle and was forced to bail out of his flaming fighter plane. When he regained consciousness, he was already a prisoner-of-war.

*Officer:*

Why do you resist? In any case we shall win.

*P.O.W.:*

How can you win when you're retreating?

*Officer:*

We have a new weapon which will force the Russians to fall back.

*P.O.W.:*

The Soviet Union has now largely caught up with Germany in the mass production of modern weaponry, particularly tanks and planes... So Germany will undoubtedly be defeated...

*Officer:*

A convinced Communist. He can only be re-educated by the crematorium.

Devyatayev recovered from his wounds and by a miracle survived. In the grim conditions of concentration camp life, he succeeded in welding together a group of nine men from among Soviet P.O.W.s who were forced to work as labourers at a secret German air base on the island of Usedom in the Baltic Sea. A plan for a mass escape gradually crystallized in Devyatayev's mind. They would capture a German bomber and all fly out. No easy problem in itself, especially in view of the fact that Devyatayev was a fighter pilot unfamiliar with heavy bombers, and enemy ones at that.

The day came... February 8, 1945.

### I

"Schneller!"

The word, like the blow of a whip, lashed the naked, bony backs of the prisoners. They flowed, a whole dark striped river of them, down the long, narrow corridor of the barracks.

You had a minute to get dressed and make your bed. If you lost in this early morning struggle for existence, you would be knocked down, trampled on, crippled. You had to try to keep to the middle of the stream, so that the others, on either side, could support you, carry you

along, as you supported them. That day I was particularly careful to cling to the life-saving middle, where the crowd screened me from the guards.

I made my bed any old how. My mind functioned clearly and decisively: I will not return here again! I pushed my way outside. To hell with all the rules — I must see my comrades! The sky was clear. This was it!

I made my way through snowdrifts behind the barracks. It was dark and cold, but one thought warmed my insides. I felt like shouting: "This is the day!"

I badly needed a cigarette, needed to inhale the blessed smoke. It was a long time since I had last had the taste in my mouth and at the moment there was nothing I wanted more in the world than to see my friends, shout "today!" and then light up.

Vanya Krivonogov was standing among a crowd of prisoners near his barracks. Seeing me, he grabbed my arm above the elbow and squeezed it painfully: "What's the matter with you? They'll be looking!"

"Today," I babbled, spluttering. "Why did you run over so early?"

"Can't you see the stars in the sky? This is the day..."

"Today?!"

"Give me a cigarette."

"I haven't got one."

"Take your pullover off, exchange it!" I was already ordering, commanding, unable to control myself.

"Are you out of your mind? My pullover?"

I could not bear to look at him. He was lost, frightened, unable to comprehend what it meant after all these days of rain and snow to have a clear sky.

"Exchange it! We breakfast here and lunch at home!"

Vanya gasped like a fish, wanted to say something and could not. A minute later he threw off his "cloak", tore off the sweater and disappeared.

In the lighted rooms of his barracks the last stragglers were rushing around. After they had gone, clean-up began. In our barracks the same thing was happening. While the place was being swept out and aired by freezing draughts, the prisoners would be in the latrines.

I wished Vanya would hurry up.

He came and handed me two cigarettes. At that moment Kostya, the sailor, appeared.

"I saw you. They're waiting for you in the barracks."

Vanya clenched his fists and confronted him.

"Go and say you couldn't find me. Understand?"

"You want them to beat me up?"

I inhaled and my head went round, everything blurred in front of my eyes.

Vanya moved toward Kostya.

"You won't? Then we'll give you a hiding!"

I disappeared in the crowd. I made my way in the direction

of Sokolov's barrack house. For all the rules I had already broken only one thing could happen to me — punishment in the evening. I would not survive it. My whole body was already bruised and battered. That was why all the camp rules meant nothing to me. I was no longer a slave!

The third block. Volodya was giving orders and assignments. Seeing me, he froze. I did not go closer — I waited for him.

"What's happened?"

"It's today!"

"Today?"

"I'm going over to see Nemchenko."

The sentries were sitting in their tall, frame booths, machine-guns trained on us. What did they and their arms mean to me? Soon I would be flying over these booths, over the barbed wire, over cursed Black Willy who would stand with his mouth open, gazing at our aircraft, and there would not be a thing he could do about it. I hoped he would bust a gut!

Nemchenko stared at me with his one, astounded eye. What was I doing there at that hour?

"Today we escape. We must ensure only our people are in the brigade."

Nemchenko adjusted the black cloth over his eyeless socket and said calmly: "Right."

I got around to Kutergin, to Yemets, and passed on.

I was all black-and-blue, my face was swollen, twisted. People looked at me as though I was

mad. I was a mass of quivering nerves. I looked at the world, at all of them, with different eyes from theirs. I could already see my native land below the wings of the plane. I was already walking over that earth, not the earth of this hell.

I told all our people that I could find. Then I had to return to the barracks. I had to appear on the parade-ground with everyone else, freeze to the spot with my wooden clogs where I had stood each day for more than three months. I remembered the spot, it had eaten into my brain like salt into a wound. Between the two figures in front of me I must see the corner of my barracks, or more accurately, part of the wall, no broader than the palm of my hand.

It was imperative that I be there. For the last time.

New thoughts and a militant spirit gave me strength. I stopped being afraid of the SS men because in my imagination I was already flying above the earth, under my hands I felt the powerful thrust of the plane's engines, I knew how to handle it, knew the direction I was flying in, and above me stretched wide expanses of clear sky.

A fierce command broke the crowd up into rows.

Before the beginning of the review we were put through our paces: "Mützen ab." "Mützen auf." We took off and replaced our cloth caps. I go through the performance meticulously.

"Stillgestanden!"

I would draw myself up taut as a string, but it would be for the last time.

"Augen links!"

Eyes left — the commandant had appeared. But while the report was being made on the flank, I could relax my legs.

I could make out the words — so many dead in the last 24 hours, so many sick. And at the end, the usual formula: "In the past 24 hours nothing of moment has occurred."

It hadn't? Just let the bastards wait! After today they'd have plenty to report. They'd pay for it with their heads!

The commandant moved slowly, importantly, his step rang closer and closer on the concrete walk. Hundreds of people held their breath, trying to still the beating of their hearts. The commandant halted not far from me and after a pregnant pause inquired:

"Has anyone any complaints?"

You could hear a pin drop in the stillness. Before his glance, before his voice, everything alive shrivelled. A dead silence, the silence of the grave descended. You paid with your life for a complaint.

I thought: I'd like to see you today when they ask you how many escaped!

The commandant began his daily walk up and down the ranks of men. The searchlight shone down on him, and the elongated

shadow advanced up on us. It was terrifying.

He was directly in front of me. The commandant was tall and he was wearing a new uniform. His big, bulbous nose drew the eye irresistibly. He stopped. I stared off into space, into the darkness. You must not look him in the face, otherwise a blow would follow. My legs felt numb. What would he say?

"Höher kopf!" — Head up! With his rubber truncheon he prodded my chin.

I jerked my head up. Today we would fly!

"Work details, march!"

It was over. A weight fell from my shoulders. Now to the airfield.

The men swirled round, seeking their details. I pushed my way through, ignoring everything, and headed for Sokolov.

## II

The work teams were re-organised each day and quite often it happened that people we didn't know at all, and who didn't know us, would end up in our two groups composed of five men each. It was absolutely essential that today our nucleus remain intact. Each one of us had a vital job to do. Besides that, an unreliable person could destroy the whole plan. That is why, in the 10 or 15 minutes that it takes to make up teams and start for the airfield, we had to do everything possible to ensure success. Sokolov and Nemchenko shared the main responsibility. They

were the ones who had the power to shift people.

The first big brigade got together and trudged off to the gates. The list was checked off and the prisoners turned over to their guards. Four SS guards took their places in front, behind and on each side and the men started for their work site. Our two groups of five were next and we attentively watched the procedure.

Apparently Sokolov was convinced that only our own people were on the brigade as the difficulties arose at the last moment. A few strangers turned up and some of our own people were missing.

A mix-up. We could not start out in the present complement. Sokolov sprinted forward and amid a certain amount of fuss the matter was settled. Serdyukov, Adamov and Yemets were included and others left out.

"Forward march!" rang the command and a minute later we were at the gates.

"Ein, zwei, drei," the guard poked each one of us in the chest, in the back, and when I came through I felt as though I had crossed an abyss.

A tall, red-headed, beak-nosed SS man who was well-known to us took charge of our small group. We remembered him so well because on the slightest provocation he would swing his rifle-butt and bring it crashing down indiscriminately.

After going through the gates,

the guard as usual passed over his pack, which contained a gas-mask, a pan, a spoon and a few other items, so that one of the prisoners could carry it for him. The one who carried it had the right, after dinner, to scrape out whatever was left in the bowl or pan and then go and wash it. For several days my comrades had given me the privilege of carrying the pack so that I could gain a little strength from the extra scraps. I took the pack without thinking and then suddenly remembered that one way or another it was all for the last time and a blackness swept over me.

"I won't carry it! I won't serve the bastard!" I said and flung it to the ground.

Consternation swept over the men, someone grabbed the pack, Sokolov shouted at me.

Before passing through to the air base territory, we were held up once again. The local guards were careless, but today we feared them. We always carried a bit of wood with us in order to light a fire for the SS guard. Now and then he even allowed us to come close to the warmth. Today, among the wood, a crowbar was hidden.

We were through. Now we had to wait for the civilian who oversaw the repair work we were doing on the overhaul pits and airfield installations. The civilian was an old master-workman who always amused us both by his appearance and his manner of giving instructions. He came to

work in a thin coat with a narrow velvet collar, a cap with ear-flaps, and stylish, rather light weight shoes. He wore an officer's belt round his waist and from it dangled a holster with a large pistol — anyone who had anything to do with prisoners had to carry arms. He was shortsighted, simple in manner and naively trusting. Today he was clad in his thin coat as usual — and we were glad. That meant he would go off frequently to warm himself.

Dawn was breaking. Dark silhouettes of guns and planes stood out. There was a light wind, high in the sky clouds rolled past now and then, but the steady whine of engines, the winking lights of fuel trucks, the bomb-laden carriers, all testified that after several days of enforced idleness the air base was now teeming with activity.

I listened and watched. All these flights would not interfere with our plans. On the contrary, they would make it easier. Amid the roaring engines, among so many planes warming up and taxiing to the runway, one more would not be noticed. What was important, was that our Heinkel was in its place. Light clouds, snow flurries, did not worry me in the least. It was still flying weather!

We stopped, the old man called over Sokolov and Nemchenko and talked to them for a long time, explaining in detail how the potholes and craters were to be filled in and tamped down; he

pointed somewhere, and the two lads led us off. The master-workman, gesturing, left us.

Our brigade-leader led us past fighter-planes — almost all the propellers were whirling — and stopped near some roaring Junkers. Between two hangars a few fresh shell-holes yawned blackly. Some of them were right in the middle of the runways along which the aircraft taxied to the start.

"We're going to fill them in," Nemchenko announced and immediately explained in German to the guard.

We flattened the earth and Nemchenko ordered us to move on to another spot. We lined up with our shovels on our shoulders, our packs to the side, our armfuls of wood and marched over to the new site. It was quite light by then and we could see the whole field spread out as though on the palm of one hand. The Junkers, heavy with their bombs, rolled up to the start, one after the other. A woman in a dark army uniform waved signal flags. The same starting line was used by the Fokke-Wulf fighters who flew off in pairs. It was just like on our own airfields and everything was comprehensible. I could see ground crew escorting their plane to the starting line, steadying a wing . . . escorting . . . What about us? But along came a Junkers without any escort. He taxied along, turned into the wind and began his run. I stopped watching.

There were quite a few potholes all over the airfield. Sokolov and Nemchenko were aware that we could not afford to leave the area where our Heinkel was located and therefore kept us around that edge. We also understood the situation and worked slowly. The guard, seeing there was a lot of work to be done, ordered a fire to be lit.

We all did an exemplary job of finding dry twigs, oak or birch strips, and straw to get the fire started — after all, the guard might allow us to warm ourselves. A good fire made him benevolent. The crowbar had already found its way to Krivonogov who had hidden it under his clothes.

The red-haired guard sat before the fire warming his hands, his rifle leaning against his shoulder. We went about our business but did not take our eyes off him for a second.

Go on, warm yourself, I thought, dream pleasant dreams of your cosy bed, of hot, tasty food . . . your hour has come . . . in the meantime one of us must chuck in wood periodically and try to snatch a gulp of warm air. Someone approached the guard with an armful of wood and he warmly raised his gun.

The tension grew. The crucial minutes were almost upon us.

I jumped down into a huge crater. Even though the guard was some distance away, we had to be careful about conferring. Sokolov jumped in after me.

"It's time," I mouthed.

"Perhaps we should put it off? There are so many people around . . ."

I put my hand over his mouth. "Here!" I pulled out a knife. "The boys made it for me. They're awaiting the signal. If you procrastinate I'll kill the German myself and hijack a plane."

Sokolov called Nemchenko, he slipped into the crater and the three of us began vigorously stamping. Nemchenko understood what it was all about and waited for instructions.

"Lead us to the end hangar," Sokolov told him.

Nemchenko looked scared, as though he were ready to argue, or perhaps he expected further explanations.

Sokolov added: "The one by the sea."

We clambered out. Krivonogov approached Sokolov. He guessed that we had been conferring.

"Over to the sea . . ."

We filled in the crater quickly. Nemchenko lined us up, gave his orders. The guard left his fire.

How many plans we had discussed, rejected, settled on! And inadvertently we began to behave spontaneously.

We started walking towards the sea, bending low against the wind. The pretext was to fill in more craters, but in that deserted area, beyond the hangars, we intended to rid ourselves of the guard. Everybody understood why we were suddenly shifting from one

end to the other and faithfully hurried along. There was no turning back now.

The guard obediently followed us.

For a considerable time we made our way past hangars and plane parking areas. People were about. Unexpectedly I spotted an empty hangar — perhaps the Junkers hadn't returned from a raid some days ago as there was no trace of its occupation. About 10 yards away from the hangar, the ground crew was preparing a bomber for flight — the engines were being warmed up and the bombs loaded. I glanced round: an empty hangar, a plane ready to go, few people... Instantaneously, a new idea flashed into my mind. I almost cried "stop!" as we were in danger of passing the Junkers.

I got close to Sokolov and said: "We're grabbing this one!"

Everyone must have heard me because the whole group seemed to huddle closer and wait for what I had to say next. I didn't suggest, I ordered.

"There are no pilots around, only mechanics. See, there's one in the cockpit and another one on the wing. Vanya, you take the one inside, Nemchenko and I will handle the wing."

Everyone heard what I had said and without any orders, the group veered off towards the empty hangar.

I didn't tear my eyes away from the Junkers — I was only concerned with its readiness. The

guard didn't worry me any longer — we would hide behind the tall earthworks and the roar of the motors would drown everything...

A third engine got going, the fourth propeller was slowly revolving and any moment would burst into life. We were approaching the empty hangar. A few steps more and the agreed signal would transform servile slaves into courageous fighters. My gaze was riveted to the aircraft.

But what was this? Did I really see it or not?

But I saw all too clearly that the ailerons were missing from the wing.

"It's no good, it won't fly," I said loudly so that everyone could hear.

As though we had run into an invisible wall, everybody stopped. There was no point in going any further.

The guard, realising that something was wrong, that the brigade had approached a plane whose engines were going, shouted, "Halt!"

We stood still, panting, tired and lost. What would happen to us? What had we done and why?

I felt helpless, annihilated. What would have happened had we killed the guard? How was it I hadn't noticed before that the wing needed repairing. Why hadn't I guessed that if there were no pilots around then the plane was not in flying order?

I would rather have killed

myself than feel the oppressive sense of guilt I experienced, see the silent, accusing glances of my comrades, feel their hollow disappointment. Bitter disappointments were familiar to us, but was such an error redeemable in seconds?

We still stood, rooted to the ground, staring at the plane that had betrayed us, hearing the deafening screaming of the guard: why had we come here? Why had we come so close to the aircraft? What work were we supposed to be doing? Swine! Idiots! Blockheads!

The shouting of the guard was heard by the mechanics around the plane. It was probably true that they had never seen a group of prisoners so close to a plane. Grabbing spades, the ground crew rushed out to defend themselves and their plane.

"Zurück!"

Of course all we had left to do was to make a 180 degree turn and go back. The guard was wild. He was angry with himself for his carelessness. And he had no doubts at all that we had made an attempt to approach a plane that had its engines going (he wouldn't know that it was not in flying shape) and had intended to do something unthinkable. Cursing, he lay about with his rifle butt and kept shouting:

"Schnell! Schnell!"

We were already going at a good clip, but he kept demanding — faster, faster! Then he ordered us to stop. He called over Soko-

lov and ordered him to take us at a run to the main hangar. We knew what that meant. Someone would pay with his life for my stupidity.

How could we save ourselves? How could we correct the mistake?

Sokolov, breathing hard, was running beside me. He, like everyone else, was in despair. He had no idea how he could temper the wrath of the SS men. Perhaps he expected advice from me? Perhaps he wanted to say something in reproach? I kept my head down and only glanced at him sideways: Was this all we were capable of doing? Could anything be done?

Volodya ran shoulder to shoulder with me and in his ragged breathing I could hear the question: What next? What? I could hear the question in the rhythmic clip-clop of our heavy clogs. How much longer did we have to run? My lungs were bursting...

"Don't take us to the hangar!" I threw off to Sokolov, "they'll shoot us!"

Sokolov looked at me with pain in his eyes and ran on for a few minutes without a word. And suddenly he fell down on the wet snow and slush. Everyone was sorry for him, but no one could do anything about it. The orders were: run. As the last one, I was able to look back. I saw the guard almost trampling him. I saw Sokolov raise himself on his hands, and address the guard:

"Herr Gefreiter, but we were ordered to clean up and repair

the abandoned hangar. Why are you doing this to us?"

On hearing Sokolov's words, the guard hesitated. Then he shouted: "Halt!"

We tried to catch our breath, tried to overhear what Sokolov was saying to the guard.

"Herr Gefreiter, we must repair the hangar. I've already made arrangements for our dinner and yours to be brought out there."

A guard did not have the right to disbelieve the Kapo's assistant. He even began to feel a little guilty about imagining things, about driving us at a run for almost a mile. Now he had to make his decision. He thought about it. Was he being fooled? But why should he be suspicious? We were simply going about our job. In the quiet he could have a fire lit, warm up his soup. Why had the mechanics made such a fuss? What would prisoners want with their junkers?

We returned to the empty hangar. Penetrating, concerned glances were exchanged between us. Our hearts thudded.

### III

The guard gave in, took us back, but he was watchful. We threw ourselves into the useless work with such energy that the snow swirled. We dug into drifts and started "strengthening" supports.

But apparently all our efforts did not create the needful impression. The guard took up his post about

30 yards away and stood there, scrutinizing us. We worked busily and appeared to pay no attention to anything else around. But I watched his every move. Now, our fate was entwined with his...

Eventually he got cold. He stuck his hands in his sleeves and held the rifle against his body. He began to walk about, to stamp his feet. He took a cigarette out and lit it. But he didn't sling the rifle over his shoulder. He hung on to it.

And time marched implacably forward. Soon it would be dinner-time. One of the boys, standing on the roof announced: "They're putting the hoods on the Heinkel engines!"

That meant that shortly the mechanics would be leaving for their noon-hour break. If we didn't achieve what we wanted now... The earth seemed to scorch my feet, there was a ringing in my ears.

"Get some wood. Remind him about a fire."

Right at the entrance to the hangar we piled up some dry wood. All it needed was a light.

He fell for it. He threw us his lighter. Flames licked up, exuding life-giving warmth, smoke filled the air. Hands stretched out to the fire automatically, but no one had a chance. He shouted, ordered us to move away. One of the men got so carried away by the wonderful heat that he didn't have time to jump away and the heavy rifle butt landed on his shoulders.

It wasn't the first time that we had seen a man hit for stretching his hands out to a fire. But I was almost glad for the cruel blow — may the victim forgive me. That blow sealed the guard's fate. He could have read it in our eyes if he had looked.

We huddled in a corner, as far as we could get from him. Time raced on. I said to Sokolov:

"Look out. See if anyone's around."

Sokolov always came through with flying colours. Instead of doing as I asked, he turned to the guard and said:

"Herr Gefreiter, may I have your permission to look out and see if they're coming with our dinner?"

"O, ja, bitte!" he answered almost gallantly.

Sokolov, looking out, gave me the all-clear. I winked to Krivonogov — go ahead. Vanya had his crowbar ready.

He approached the guard who was squatting over the fire, warming his hands. Krivonogov gripped the crowbar, his eyes flaming. But he did not lose self-control. He took his time and glanced at me as though asking: now?

I stood directly opposite him, with the guard between us. Then I started straight for the German. I was afraid that he would look round and see Krivonogov and have time to shoot. I had to draw his attention and yet appear normal, so as not to alarm him. But seeing Krivonogov ready to

smash in his head, I suddenly felt murderous. The guard was staring at me uncomprehendingly. Why was I advancing on him with bare hands?

I took another few steps and feeling a surge of joy I just nodded my head — smash him!

Krivonogov's blow finished him. In the last instant he looked me in the eyes — for the first and last time. His gaze was full of terror. He toppled.

I grabbed the rifle, thrust it at Krivonogov, and pulling Sokolov by the arm we both raced out of the hangar. Seconds were precious. Quickly, quickly!

At this point our reliance on German punctuality almost destroyed us. We crept towards the hangar on our bellies so that we would not be noticed from afar, when suddenly we heard voices. The mechanics hadn't gone for dinner yet! We had to lie still until they did. We were right across from the back entrance. If anyone went out that way, we were done for. I could hear my heart thudding. I was afraid it would burst, that the Germans would hear its pounding...

Slowly, infinitely slowly, we edged our way under the camouflage net. The mechanics were finishing up, putting away their tools, placing the step-ladder under the wing, just the way our mechanics did...

They left.

We gave it a minute and then dashed to the plane. Under the



broad wing of the Heinkel I was suddenly afraid. It was huge! Would I be able to get it off the ground? The plane was so heavy and I was so weak...

At the bottom there was a man-hole for entry. I started to try and open it and found that it was locked. I rushed to the bomb-hatch. Also locked. Sokolov looked at me anxiously.

"Give me a boost up to the wing."

He did and my hands scrambled over the wet surface. But he lacked strength and I could only hang on for a moment before letting go and dropping to the ground.

I saw a monkey-wrench, but it was too light for my purpose. Then my eye lit on a wheel-block. Perfect! I hit the lock once, twice, and it was done. I thrust my hand through and opened the door. My hand was bleeding.

When I got through to the fuselage, it seemed as big as a house. I had never been inside a fuselage that size. I threw myself into the cockpit. It was also big, a big glass bubble. The height at which I found myself, the bigness of it all, the enormous number of instruments, buttons, switches, wires — all served to disorient me.

In front of me was the pilot's seat. To the right was a leatherette-covered bench, apparently the navigator's. I sat down in the pilot's seat and immediately fell through so that my legs dangled

in the air. A pilot always has his folded parachute under him, I had none. I spied a box which I placed on the seat and in this manner I was able to reach the pedals with my feet and handle the instrument panel.

"Remove the hoods," I ordered Volodya, who had been standing below, listening to me moving about.

Volodya quickly did as told. In front of me I could see the propellers, the instrument panel, the broad sweep of wings, feel the pedals beneath my feet, the rudder in my hands — enough for a pilot, even in such circumstances, to get control of himself, concentrate, feel capable. I found the pump, got some fuel in, switched on the ignition, pressed the starter.

Nothing happened.

How could I have forgotten that behind me was located the small knife-switch and that it was needed in order to get the current flowing to the engines and instruments. I was happy that I had remembered and turning around, pushed it in with assurance. Again I pressed the starter. Not an arrow quivered. No current.

Why hadn't I begun with connecting up the accumulator? Such infantile mistakes! Behind the armour plating there must be a storage battery which had to be activated. That was the problem!

I threw myself at the armour plating, bent it back... there was nothing there.

I was paralysed. My feet refused to obey. I collapsed. The last thing I remembered was my head hitting something hard.

Perhaps the cold metal on which I was lying, perhaps voices, or perhaps the gnawing anxiety, brought me back to consciousness. I raised myself, again encountered the yawning emptiness where the generator should have been and crawled over to the hatch. Below were assembled all my comrades. The first person I saw was Pyotr Kutergin, dressed in an SS uniform. Beside him stood Sokolov, Nemchenko, Serdyukov, Yemet, Urbanovich, Adamov... They were staring up at me. Apparently, they had been calling me because when I appeared I saw both incomprehension and relief in their eyes. "He's doing something in there."

Everybody spoke at once:

"Why don't you start it?"

"Can't you do it?"

"What shall we do?"

"No battery..." I mumbled, barely moving my lips.

A stunned silence. Somebody groaned, as though mortally wounded.

"Look for the wagon, look for it! Remember, we saw it!"

They scattered in all directions. I had wanted to say that without the battery it was death for all of us, but there was no need to.

In a moment the wagon with the battery appeared.

My despair vanished. I jumped to my feet a different man, full

of energy and determination. Somebody wheeled over the ladder and from the steps stretched out the cable.

I switched on the current, listened to the buzz, watched the little arrows jumping about, different coloured lights blinking and flashing. Now we had wings!

"Come on, Misha!" someone encouraged me.

From nervousness I grew hot, the sweat poured down my face. I lacked air to breathe. I ripped off my "cloak", my jacket, put them under me and sat in my undershirt. All my attention was concentrated on the plane. I thought: Don't get excited, everything is in your hands now, collect yourself.

Our tall "guard", in his SS uniform, expedited matters below. He threw things about, getting rid of anything in the way of the plane, now and then from joy he waved his arms. Krivonogov, I saw, was guarding our approaches with the gun.

Gently, I pressed on the starter. The engine began to throb. I switched on the ignition, the motor sputtered and then hummed. I increased the flow of fuel and the hum turned into a roar. The whirling propeller became crystal-clear.

Everybody was in ecstasy.

I started the second engine.

The airfield was quite indifferent to the roar of our engines. The pilots and mechanics were peacefully enjoying their dinner

and therefore I was not afraid to thoroughly test the motor at various speeds. I felt sure of myself, lighthearted. Nobody could stop us now. The propellers were tearing the plane forward. All that was needed was to remove the wheel-blocks, release the brakes and we would roll. But it was still premature, the engines had to be warmed up. Once more I ran my eyes over the instrument panel. I didn't know the significance of all the knobs and buttons before me, but I thought I would figure them out later.

I nodded to Krivonogov. He was waiting for the sign and dashed to the wheels. I raised myself from the seat and peered down at him. I saw that he was trying to drag away the wheel-blocks and was not succeeding. I signalled to him to release the catch and then they would slide out easily. We had rehearsed the action many times. But after handling the guard, Vanya was more apitated than anyone and obviously all my careful instructions had flown out of his mind. He straightened up and motioned to me: back up!

I have never laughed so hard in all my life. Back up! A plane can do many things, but one thing it can't do is back up. I shouted to Sokolov and he jumped down and showed Krivonogov what to do. At last we were all inside the plane. Everyone looked at me expectantly. Now we had to get through to the

starting line. We had to take-off into the wind.

I ordered everyone to get down out of sight inside the fuselage. I settled firmly into my seat. Once more I tried revving the engines. They responded familiarly, powerfully. I scrutinised the plane carefully from left wing-tip to right, just as I had been taught. Smoothly I gave it more gas and the plane slowly rolled forward. I put on the brakes and it stopped. Everything was in order. The time had come! The Heinkel taxied down the concrete run-way.

I remember praying: foreign sky, foreign soil, foreign plane — do not betray us. We have suffered so much, gone through such agonies of spirit, give us a chance to live! We entrust ourselves to you, serve us. Our whole lives are ahead of us. Today we are reborn.

I prayed to each nut and bolt of the plane, I prayed to that foreign earth, that earth we had cursed and which, when all was said and done, was only a part of our planet, along which we had to speed for a little way before we could rise into the sky and freedom.

A few hundred feet and we were in the take-off area. I could see in all directions but we were visible as well. For so long we had been nothing, zeros who kept our eyes on our feet, who only worried that we might stumble and never rise again. The plane transformed us into men once

more. But in the bubble of the cockpit I felt so exposed! My undershirt must have attracted the eye and I had to steer the plane down the run-way, next to returning Messerschmitts. All I could do was hunch down and try and draw my head into my shoulders.

The pilots zipping past glanced at us, apparently noticing something odd but not having time to ascertain just what. I tried to speed up at each encounter.

A squadron of returning Junkers appeared over the airfield. They had to land one at a time on the strip from which I had to take off. The woman in her dark uniform waved her flags and the Junkers landed one after the other. She was too busy to pay any attention to us for the moment and I didn't go any closer because beside her there was a telephone.

To gain time, I taxied back to the hangars and then, when the last Junkers had landed, returned to the starting line. Without waiting for permission to take-off, I gunned the engines.

The earth swam, flew beneath the wheels. With all our thoughts and feelings we were striving to rise. My attention was centered on the engines that must work in harmony and I kept an eye on a small hill at the end of the field — my guide post.

Our wings had strength and it was time to leave the earth behind. To achieve this, the plane had to run on two wheels, not

three. I pushed the stick forward. But the tail did not lift. I pushed harder, with all my strength, but the Heinkel continued to skim along the earth at breakneck speed.

Invisible forces seemed to hang on to the plane. They were stronger than I. Perhaps the speed was not great enough? But it was.

I pushed still harder and the plane lurched from side to side like a wounded bird. The plane was heading straight for the sea.

What had I neglected? What had I forgotten? I had only a few seconds to solve the problem, correct the error. Something was preventing me from taking-off, but what?

What? Perhaps the clamps had not been removed from the tail unit and therefore the plane did not respond? We had to stop... the vast sea swam towards us.

I cut the gas, subdued the engines, but our speed did not decrease because the ground sloped to the shore.

I forgot everything and everyone. Only the plane and I existed. There were only the two of us. The plane was carrying me to the sea. I had given it its run, it had been obedient. But then it had refused to tear itself away from the earth and I did not know how to control it. Now I had to save myself from it.

The borderline of normal braking had long been passed. I was face to face with death.

I was gripped by fear. But I still held the control-stick in my hands, my feet were still on the brake pedals. I would fight to my last breath. I sharply braked. The tail lifted. If I hadn't eased off, the plane would have flipped over and we would have been crushed or burned to death.

I released the brakes and the "spike" struck the concrete. And again. And again. Our speed was considerably diminished, but not enough to turn. The concrete run-way ended and we rolled over snow, sand, grass. I could see the rocks against which the waves were crashing.

Seconds of life were left us.

I had no thoughts, no hopes, no way out. But neither was I paralyzed. I was possessed by intuition, by the instinct of survival.

I screwed my eyes shut — the sea was too close to bear looking at — and with all my strength pushed on the left wheel brake and increased the revolutions of the right engine. With a few feet left to the brink, the plane swerved round with an unbelievable list. One side went up in the air, the other wing scraped the ground.

The cockpit was enveloped in darkness. What was it? Smoke? Were we on fire?

No. It was like fine dust. It was a whirlwind of snow.

My next thought was: had the chassis been wrecked? No, we

were still standing on our wheels, the engines were working, the propellers whirling.

The cloud of snow gradually settled and it grew lighter in the cockpit.

Our Heinkel was standing on the edge of the abyss but it was intact and before us stretched the run-way once again. We could still fight for our lives!

My comrades gathered round, waiting for what was to come next. Volodya Sokolov looked at me searchingly, seeking an explanation for what had happened.

I shouted to him over the roar of the engines: "Go down and see if the clamps are still on!"

We had seconds at our disposal. Everyone was tense and nervous. I cursed myself for attempting an escape on a bomber I didn't know how to fly. Why hadn't I gone for a Messerschmitt? Why had I worried about what would happen to the men in my group if I left them behind and hadn't thought about what might happen to them if I took them with me?

The airfield looked exactly the same as it had 10 minutes previously. But in fact it couldn't be the same. The woman with her signal flags must already have informed the controller about the plane that had started without permission. The cloud of snow and dust we had raised must have been noticed by everyone.

Volodya climbed back in and shouted above the din that the clamps were not there!

## IV

I tried the altitude rudder and convinced myself that that indeed was the case. My head was splitting. What next? What could I try?

I could see people running towards our Heinkel. I could see them scaling a height where an anti-aircraft battery was located. On more than one occasion I had seen the batteries which thickly studded the environs of the airfield. But their locations had held no interest for me. In the long discussions we had had on our plan of escape, the sites of the batteries had never figured. We had imagined our escape as being lightning-fast. But now I could see ack-ack crews hastening towards us. They had certainly noticed one of their planes barely escape destruction, had seen our Heinkel turn round in a cloud of dust. Had they realised what had happened or were they simply curious? It seemed to me unlikely that they could know anything so soon. That, at any rate, was how I sized up the situation when I saw them running towards us without taking any precautions. They might wonder why the pilot was dressed so strangely.

Everyone on the base would know that something out of the ordinary had occurred, but no one could imagine that prisoners were responsible.

I couldn't understand the behaviour of the plane.

And my comrades couldn't understand me.

When the aircraft was being tossed from side to side, the men in the fuselage were considerably knocked about — like so much loose cargo. It was even worse when I veered round sharply. Naturally enough, they had expected nothing of the sort. When I stopped and tried to collect my thoughts, they maintained a minute of silence. But when they saw the Germans approaching, when they saw that I sat there doing nothing, their wrath and indignation took the upper hand.

Someone grabbed the rifle and shouted: "We're being surrounded!"

In fact, soldiers were appearing from everywhere, some on foot, some on bicycles.

"Fly, you bastard!" someone shouted in my ear and I could feel cold steel at my back.

"The son of a bitch has taken us for a ride!"

"Kill him!"

I turned to them and saw familiar faces distorted by fear, rage, despair.

They'll kill me, flitted through my mind. I glanced at Sokolov — he had preserved his control.

I looked ahead of me and suddenly resolution came. It filled me with the light of hope, doubled my strength. Since the soldiers were running up unarmed, it meant they suspected nothing. Let them come closer, I thought, let them get further away from their arms.

When I turned to my comrades

once more, I had something to say and I started to explain at the top of my voice. But because of the engines they couldn't hear. They could only guess from the expression on my face that I wasn't planning on giving up, that I would propel the plane forward.

I think Sokolov was the first to realise it. He hit the man with the rifle and taking it, protected me from the rear. The Germans were very close by then. I could see their red, sweating faces, their astonished eyes. I waved to my comrades to get back into the fuselage and crouching down, gathered all my strength and released the brakes. The aircraft began to roll straight at the soldiers.

They had not expected the Heinkel to move upon them. But at last they understood that a prisoner was piloting the plane and they scattered. The men who were further away, out of danger, were taking pistols out of their holsters. Others ran for their ack-ack batteries.

We had gained time.

Time but not victory. I sent the plane careening back to the starting point. It was not possible to take off from where we were.

Again only I and the plane existed. I did not know all its secrets, had not yet subdued it, but still it was in my hands. I did not know why it would not take off, but I believed in it. A plane must take wing!

The surroundings rushed past us in a blur. I had to get the plane in the air before the batteries were ready to open fire... before they had time to report to headquarters... before the fighter-planes were ordered into action... before it was too late...

We were just coming up to the starting point once again. I behaved like an air-pirate, made my own rules.

I pushed the stick forward and the plane quickly gathered speed. My former feeling of confidence returned. The plane sped along the solid, even field.

In the distance the sea glimmered. The time to lift off had arrived. I pulled the stick firmly towards me. We were going faster than on the first attempt. But again the plane did not respond. It continued to race down the run-way. It seemed to shudder from one wing-tip to the other.

What was wrong?!

If I failed this time, I would steer to the right and crash into the sitting planes...

And I had another thought: what if the problem was simply that I lacked the strength to press the rudder hard enough?

In the gloom a light suddenly flashed — that is the only way I can describe my sensation.

A plane behaves in this manner when the altitude trimmers are set as "landing", rather than "take-off". That was what was wrong! But where, among the

innumerable instruments before me, were the trimmer controls?

I could have corrected the abnormality easily but there again was the sea, the rocks against which the waves dashed themselves.

If I didn't have the strength... "Over here, come here!" I shouted and pointed to the stick.

A number of emaciated arms stretched out and bony hands grasped the rudder together with mine.

The plane stopped its shuddering, the tail lifted and we were running along on two wheels. Now we were in position to fly!

I was afraid that the men would relax their pressure and I continued to exhort them: "Press! Press! Press!"

The scraping of our wheels against the concrete grew fainter, almost imperceptible, then ceased. We were airborne at last. We barely cleared the guns, left behind the wet rocks on the Sea shore.

Farewell, land of hell! Farewell, concentration camp!

Freedom opened its broad horizons before us.

## V

In their weakened state, the men still managed to keep the aircraft aloft. Slowly it gathered altitude, reached toward the friendly, distant clouds moving down from the north.

Mikhail Devyatayev, the pilot,

knew that their salvation lay within those clouds.

Five minutes had gone by since the Heinkel had taken off. The woman handling the air-traffic had already informed the controller of the stolen aircraft. The sirens began to howl. Pilots and mechanics dashed out of the mess-hall and headed for their stations. The two had left the wing-commander's craft securely under its canvas covers saw from afar that it was gone...

The fighter-planes were ordered into the air. Pilots donned their helmets, fastened their parachutes, strapped themselves in and warmed up the engines. Their earphones crackled with the same message repeated over and over: "Shoot down the Heinkel! Shoot down the Heinkel!"

What the devil was going on? Since when was a Messerschmitt ordered to attack a Heinkel? And why? Where were they supposed to look for it? What was its course?

Few people were in a position to answer these questions. They wondered how a prisoner could have got the plane aloft. So far as anyone knew, there were no pilots among them.

The fighters taxied to the start. The pilots peered out, adjusted their earphones and tried to discover whom they were chasing.

In the meantime, ack-ack crews were ripping off camouflage nets and feverishly trying to catch the fast-disappearing Heinkel in their sights.

The master-workman who had so painstakingly briefed Sokolov on the morning's job had spent the intervening hours over mugs of warm beer. When the alert sounded he rushed out, a little the worse for wear, in search of his brigade.

"The devils are sitting over their soup as though nothing's happened!" he swore to himself.

The SS guards in charge of various work detachments were astounded. They had seen the Heinkel take-off, but why were the ack-ack batteries aiming it?

Prisoners stuck their spades in the snow and observed the scene with bitter glee.

Messerschmitts and Fokke-Wulfes went up one after the other. The air-waves buzzed: "Shoot down the Heinkel! There are Russians aboard!"

The air base informed German air-defence staff headquarters of the stolen aircraft and the orders went out to all points: "Shoot down a solitary Heinkel!" Thousands of guns on the coasts of the Baltic and throughout Germany scanned the skies greedily to their prey.

In those minutes the men aboard the plane surrounded the pilot and they became one entity. Their hands lay on the control-stick or on Mikhail's shoulders. Only now did they fully comprehend and realise what they had succeeded in doing and what the frail, absorbed man in the pilot's seat meant in their lives. Joy filled their beings.

In those seconds they forgot they were helping the pilot and let the rudder go. The aircraft began to climb steeply, as though up a wall. Mikhail shouted in alarm: "What are you doing? Press on it!"

This time everyone grabbed the stick. The plane went into a sickening dive.

The men froze. The sea that had seemed so far away was rapidly approaching.

For the second time Mikhail experienced the cold sensation of death at his elbow. Despairingly he began to hunt for the trimmer-controls. Without them they were lost!

He stabbed at one instrument, at another and finally hit on the right one. Only then did he gain full control of the plane. Now he could fly it properly.

The Heinkel was close to the blanket of clouds when a Fokke-Wulf caught up with it. It would have been child's play for the pilot to rip open the broad belly of the Heinkel with his guns. But for some reason he did not shoot. For a few seconds the planes flew side by side. Then the Heinkel was swallowed up in grey murk.

## VI

It seemed to us that the aircraft hung motionless amid the pall of clouds. The instruments proved that we were climbing, but the layers showed no signs of thinning. I couldn't even see the wings and it was dark as night inside our cockpit. Everyone

grew still and silent. What would be the end of it all?

Now and then the plane plunged into an air-pocket or was tossed upward. I feared that we would fall through the clouds and expose ourselves to the Fokke-Wulfes seeking us below.

We had to climb up beyond the clouds.

The minutes dragged interminably. It grew lighter, then darker again. Where was the sun?

And suddenly blinding sunlight dazzled us. Pale blue expanses of sky above and fleecy white below stretched as far as the eye could see.

"Where's the watch?" I shouted.

I remembered that we had removed the guard's watch. With its help we could orientate ourselves.

Sokolov and Krivonogov brought me the small watch. It was 11:45 a.m. The watch and the sun between them had to guide us home. We were flying due north, straight for Scandinavia, away from the island, away from Germany. Later we would turn east. When, after an hour of flying we came down through the clouds, our native land should be below, I calculated.

"Look for a map," I shouted again. Everyone began to scurry around the corners of the cockpit and fuselage.

"Here it is!"

Wonderful fellows! I spread out the map on my knees. Thick,

multi-coloured lines criss-crossed it.

The engines throbbed powerfully and smoothly, bearing us ever northward. I could see the shadow of our Heinkel floating over the cotton-wool below. The very atmosphere seemed sunny and cheerful, seemed to harmonize with our joyful spirits. But still, I thought it wise that Krivonogov and Adamov remain at their posts by the machine-guns. It was always possible that a fighter-plane could appear.

The clouds turned thunderous. In between, rifts showed oftener. Then we were out of them. Below was an endless expanse of ocean... a trail of smoke...

I could see a convoy of ships, dotted like toys over the surface of the sparkling sea. I examined them more carefully and noticed escorting Messerschmitts playfully darting around the slow-moving craft. But what was this? A couple of Messerschmitts had detached themselves from the squadron and commenced streaking upwards. Were they after us? Yes! Anxiously I held my breath, watched them draw closer, closer. But apparently satisfied that it was one of their own, they quickly veered off. Obviously they hadn't got the word yet!

Land emerged on the hazy horizon. I eased the plane down in order to examine the terrain. Forbidding cliffs glowered at us. All the men pressed themselves against the glass and began to call out:

"I can see houses!"

"A forest!"

"It's Scandinavia!"

It was possible to land in rocky Scandinavia, one needed only to circle and find a meadow.

I circled slowly... mountains, rivers, forest... I glanced at the fuel gauge. I had at least three tons. My tanks were almost full!

I informed everyone of the fact. After a short discussion we unanimously agreed: we fly on to Moscow!

I pointed our nose to the east.

Clouds and turbulence came up. I decided that we should continue flying over the sea and head for Leningrad. Land held more dangers for us: ack-ack or fighters could bring us down.

Time flew and our anxiety mounted. The problem was, there was no way we could let our countrymen know that aboard the fat-bellied Heinkel were Russians, not Germans.

Eventually we came to the conclusion that the longer we remained in the air, the greater risks we would be taking. We should simply cross the line of the front and land.

The question remained: where was the line of the front?

For a long time we flew east, then turned south, straight into the sun. Somewhere soon there should be land.

In fact, shortly land did appear. An inlet, forest, a lake... and land, land, land!

But for us, the question who controlled the land mattered

a great deal. What exactly were we flying over? Could we recognise any landmarks? Should we take a chance?

We began to go down to take a closer look. My comrades kept up an incessant flow of observations: smoke, trucks, villages, forests... I couldn't keep up with their comments. From our height it was impossible to tell whether the land below was in Russian or enemy hands.

I began to calculate that we had flown north, then east, then south, and that in fact the distance between the point at which we had taken off and the point where we were at that moment, could not be more than 300 or 350 miles. Not very much. We must still be over enemy country even though the Germans were retreating westwards.

Desperately I tried to find something on the map which corresponded to the landscape under our wings.

Below I could see billowing smoke punctuated by artillery bursts — typical signs of the front-line. I was just about to say so when someone shouted: "A Fokke-Wulfe!"

The fighter-plane flew up close. I could see the pilot in his helmet, the very straps of his parachute. The black cross and the swastika were emblazoned on the wings and fuselage. Perhaps the German pilot was curious about a plane flying at low altitude in the direction of Soviet-held territory with its wheels

down? Or perhaps he was already aware of the Heinkel with Russians aboard?

For the moment he was content to just take a good look. And then an anti-aircraft barrage went up around both of us. The Fokke-Wulfe veered sharply away, displaying his yellow belly and we were over the front-line.

We were home!

But it was essential to manoeuvre, to defend ourselves from our own people. I began to gently lose altitude, but didn't make it. The aircraft was suddenly hurled about and the cry went up: "Fire!"

I heard the warning at the same instant that I saw the damage. Flames spurted out of one engine.

That was my third experience of flying a burning plane. But on the two previous occasions I had been on fighter-planes, alone and with a parachute on my back. Now I had others with me and none of us had any means of salvation.

There was no time to ponder. I threw the plane into a steep dive. That is how you can put out a fire aboard a fighter-plane — a sensitive and responsive aircraft. But this cumbersome, awkward bomber was a different matter. I had no choice, what would be, would be. I brought it out of the dive just over the tree-tops. The fire was out...

I could see a river, a bridge, a road with lorries on it.

"They're ours!"

"Look, ours!"

It was dangerous to fly so low. One round of accurate machine-gun fire and we would be smashed to smithereens. But we had to make sure it was indeed our territory.

If they had been German soldiers, they would not have rushed for cover on seeing a Heinkel. I remember thinking.

A clear field with patches of snow here and there stretched beyond the forest. It was a possible landing-site.

The words of the flying instructor sounded in my ears: "Don't rush it, don't get excited. The important thing is to do everything consecutively. Shut off the fuel line. Switch off the ignition. Let down your wheels."

The wheels were already down, I had never retracted them. In any case they would smash on impact with the uneven field. The wet earth would cushion the blow.

The engines died down. The wind velocity alone turned the propellers. The tips of the trees almost grazed the belly of the plane.

I looked round at everyone and shouted "Hang on!"

In another moment and with a bit of luck we would be home and free! The men pressed themselves against the walls of the fuselage and looked to be prepared for anything.

Crash! Bang!

The plane rebounded into the air and smashed down again. Shattered glass rang in our ears.

A cold wind whipped through the cockpit. Several people were thrown against my seat and with muffled cries disappeared into the sea of mud and snow that threatened to engulf us. It oozed into our eyes, our ears, our mouths.

It grew quiet. Somewhere something hissed. Someone groaned. I did my best to extricate myself, to get my eyes open, to breathe.

It was dark. Was it smoke or steam? Were we on fire?

I finally managed to stand up. My comrades were alive, they were thrashing around in the mud and slush which gripped the plane in a vice. We had to get out. It was impossible to exit through the lower hatch. I clambered out through the broken glass onto a wing and surveyed the picture. The plane had burrowed its way into the earth. Hot steam billowed out from somewhere. One man, a second, a third, joined me. We were free! We embraced one another and pressed our dirty cheeks together and no one was aware of the cold, or of being wet through or half-naked.

There could be no greater happiness on earth than was ours. We shouted out each other's names, wept and embraced again and again and someone started to sing.

Around us was deep silence. Not a soul appeared. Eventually we began to worry. What if German soldiers should turn up?

"Where's Kutergin?"

Pyotr was missing. Perhaps he had been thrown clear? But someone remembered seeing him inside. Where was he?

We scrambled in the mud and finally unearthed him, half-dead, unconscious. We carried him out onto the wing, washed his bleeding face with snow. He was badly cut by glass.

Sokolov was unable to stand, and the men were doing their best to revive him.

"Did we make it?" Volodya mumbled and promptly lost consciousness.

That thought was on everyone's mind. Where had we landed? Our gnawing anxiety grew.

"We should hide in the forest," Krivonogov suggested.

We all agreed. In the forest it would not be so cold and we could find shelter.

We got down off the wing.

"Where's the watch?" I asked.

Nemchenko uncurled his fingers. There, on his dirty palm, was the watch. I took it, placed it on the wing, asked for the gun and with the butt smashed the watch. Nobody said a word. We needed nothing that could not be shared equally as we had shared dangers, hardships and joys.

If we should happen to run into Germans, we would sell our lives dearly.

"Disassemble the machine-gun," I ordered.

Adamov brought the machine-gun and a box of cartridges.

We covered 20 or 30 yards

and people began to drop. The mud got into our clogs and they grew still heavier. It became impossible to pull them out of the mire. Some had to be carried and this was too much for our slender physical resources.

We heard the rattle of a machine-gun and halted.

"Back! Back to the plane!"

We ran back to the Heinkel as to our refuge. Inside it, we could defend ourselves. We had the machine-gun, a cannon, the bayonet-gun and plenty of ammunition. The arms lent us strength and we disposed ourselves at strategic points inside the fuselage.

I instructed them not to open fire until I gave the order. If we should be surrounded by fascists, we would let them come close and fight to the end. The last bullets we would reserve for ourselves.

Clouds drifted low against a background of dark earth and forest. The furrow ploughed by our plane showed up. The wounds and cuts on my body burned. Was it possible that this field did not yet represent freedom?

\* \* \*

Among the trees we noticed shadowy figures. A lorry pulled up on the road and soldiers jumped out of it and scattered. Our guns were ready.

Where was the enemy? Let him come!

A machine-gun rattled. The

battle would be joined in a moment...

The long uncertainty and the cold numbed our hands and feet. We waited.

Somebody said: "Let's write about ourselves."

We unrolled the map and on the back one wrote: "We, ten Soviet citizens, prisoners-of-war on the secret German base on the island of Usedom, organised an escape on February 8, 1945, killed the guard and stole a German plane. We got it into the air, were fired on and chased. We do not know the location of our landing. If we are surrounded by Germans, we shall fight to the last bullet. Farewell, our homeland! We are leaving the documents of the dead guard and our addresses."

Everyone signed the letter and we hid it with the German's papers under the wing of the Heinkel.

I returned to the machine-gun post. From there I had a clear view of the surrounding and I soon saw men running towards the bomber. They approached, but did not open fire. Were they ours? We were still not sure.

"Our caps!" Sokolov shouted. I turned the muzzle of the gun up, to show we were not enemies. Suddenly we heard: "Fascists, surrender!"

We began to climb out, shouting, "We're not fascists! We're former prisoners! We're Soviets!"

Close to the plane a man with a machine-gun materialized.

"One of you come forward, if you're ours!"

The voice was dear to us, our native speech... it melted the icy despair in our hearts. We all climbed down and ran forward. Our appearance and clothes spoke for us. We stumbled and fell in our weakness. We embraced and wept.

Some of the soldiers felt our bodies, to convince themselves that our arms and legs were really as thin as they looked. They covered us with their jackets and coats and half-carried us deep into the woods to headquarters.

We ended up in the middle of the field-kitchen, when dinner was just ready, when bread was cut and waiting...

And that is when we lost all remnants of self-control. Hunger and exhaustion had taken their toll. Cooks and soldiers distributed pieces of meat and bread. We grabbed with our filthy hands, ripped into the meat like predatory beasts, stuffed it into our mouths and swallowed it in chunks.

"Stop it! Stop it at once!" we suddenly heard.

A woman in an army medical uniform was making her way through the crowd. Mercilessly she tore the meat out of our hands.

"Give it to me! Give it up! You'll kill yourselves!"

Seeing what she was up to, I waved a chicken leg warningly: "Don't come near!"

Laughter swept the field. But

I was quite serious. It was no laughing matter. I had felt the taste of food in my mouth.

Nurses appeared and they looked after us, washed us and dressed our wounds. The doctor continued to search for hidden food. She wept and kept saying: "My dearests, you'll die, you'll die if you don't listen to me..."

I was called in to the commanding officer.

The major was young, handsome and on his chest glittered the Hero of the Soviet Union star. For a full minute he stared at me in silence. At last, with a sigh, he muttered, "The pilot..."

I told him the whole story of our escape. After I was finished he brought out a flask and a couple of glasses.

"Have a drink?"

"With pleasure."

We raised our glasses and clinked. I downed it and the liquid coursed through my body like molten fire. The breath was knocked out of me and the world went black.

Two or three days later several of us who were sick and wounded were sent to hospital. The journey by wagon was long and fatiguing and we were accompanied by an army nurse.

Many times, opening my eyes, I caught her anxious gaze.

"Which one of you flew the plane?" she asked at last.

"He did," the men pointed at me.

"Oh, just look at you," she

unintentionally showed her dismay. "Where did you find the strength?"

I looked at her young, unlined face and the word "thanks" sang inside me, but I had no strength to say it.

Several weeks went by. The Heinkel which had faithfully served the courageous group still lay half-buried in the earth when seven of them, their health restored by good food and rest, set off once again for the front. Their recent sufferings had engendered a strong desire for revenge, a wish to see the war through to its victorious conclusion.

Towards the end of March, a cheerful crowd of soldiers trooped into the hospital ward where Devyatayev, Krivonogov and Yemets lay recovering. It was not easy to recognize Sokolov, Kutergerin, Urbanovich, Serdyukov, Oleinik, Adamov, Nemchenko in the jillooking, fresh-faced soldiers.

Sokolov reported:

"Comrade commander, seven members of the group which participated in the escape are reporting for active duty."

Sokolov saluted and everybody cheered.

It was an emotional parting. The men had experienced so much

together, were so close they knew each other's thoughts. Having lived through and survived the ordeals that they had, each one dreamed only of life and victory.

But bullets don't ask who they kill and fate was cruel to many of those unusual men.

The first one to stop writing to Devyatayev was the fearless Volodya Sokolov, the man who had done so much to ensure the success of their venture. Fatally wounded during the crossing of the Oder, Sokolov went down to a watery grave.

The second one to perish was Kolya Urbanovich. Four made it to Berlin, saw its burning, smouldering ruins, tasted victory. But even at that point fate did not relent. Pyotr Kutergerin, Dima Serdyukov and Vladimir Nemchenko fell a few scant days before the guns ceased firing.

From Berlin, Ivan Oleinik was shipped to the Far East front and there a Japanese bullet ended his life.

The only one to return home of the seven men who left for the front was Fyodor Adamov. In the village of Belaya Kalitva, near Rostov, he was met by his wife and children, by his whole





Fyodor Zhilsov with a couple  
of his warriors renowned  
in the Anti-Crow campaign.

## Soldier Scarecrows

by Anatoli ZYBIN

from the magazine  
*DEKORATIVNOYE ISKUSSTVO*  
SSSR (Decorative Art in the USSR)

The villages along the highway to Rostov-the-Great, 112 miles north-east of Moscow, are very much alike. Little wooden houses, fences and flapping scarecrows are the norm.

But the village of Vyortlovo suddenly arrests the eye. There seems to be a flurry of birds on the wing over the birch trees.

No wonder. Little wooden soldiers on tall poles stand in the gardens and fields and in the wind they turn about, dance and wave their arms. Enough to frighten away any feathery would-be gourmet.

Is it possible that the traditional scarecrow has outlived his usefulness?

Not at all. It's just that in the village there lives a craftsman named Pyodor Zhiltsov and for the last 10 years, ever since he developed his passion for wood-carving, he has been effortlessly producing his jolly "soldiers".

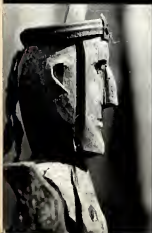
They are stately, dashing, ruddy-cheeked fellows, with charcoal black eyebrows and moustaches. Medals gleam on their chests and they play accordions. And I never heard the word "scarecrow" in Zhiltsov's home — they are always called soldiers.

"I modelled them on myself,"

Great churches were built of wood in old Russia without a single nail being used. Zhiltsov follows the same principle in his soldier-scarecrows.



Zhiltsov's troops are just as intrepid, just as steadfast as Hans Andersen's tin soldier — and just as helpless under fire.



# HENRI MATISSE



Bugler with two highly decorated infantrymen. A redoubtable trio liable to scare the lights out of any bird — and of any cat, too.

Zhiltsov told me. "And I didn't invent the medals. I really did get those awards. It's since the war that I've been fascinated by soldiers."

Zhiltsov's characters are typical of the Russian folk tradition — unsophisticated, bold outlines. But they are very much his own creation. Nothing like it has

ever been produced in his village or region.

The woodcarver has lost count of the figures he has fashioned. People passing through the village stop and look amused, and then want to acquire one or two "souvenirs". His soldier-scarecrows now stand their watch in other, distant fields of Russia.

This has been the birth-centenary year of the great French painter Henri Emile Benoît Matisse. The word "French" should perhaps be written in capitals, for Matisse embodied in his painting the most brilliant facets of the French national genius. He was the Frenchman par excellence, French by divine will, one might say, as Tolstoy was Russian, Bach German, and Goya Spanish. But if such a man could have a second homeland, then that of Matisse was Russia. Not that he lived for years in Russia or learnt to speak magnificent Russian — neither was the case.

The point is that Russian collectors, and later Russian museums, began at a very early stage to

display a keen and delighted interest in his work. Russians bought his paintings and ordered more of them at a time when many people in Europe considered Matisse a charlatan.

An indication of Matisse's close ties with Russia is the host of letters written by him to I. A. Morozov, S. I. Shchukin, A. G. Romm and B. N. Ternovets and, finally, one to the Museum of Modern Western Art, in which he wrote that "I consider it an honour" to be represented in its collection.

The result was that the collection of Matisse's paintings in Russia was virtually the finest in the world, both in number (more than one hundred) and in the outstanding value of the works.



"The Red Room" ("Desert, Harmony in Red").  
Oils, canvas, 1908.



"View from the Window,  
Tangiers." Oils, canvas,  
1912-13.

Before the centenary year Soviet and Hungarian organisations proposed to UNESCO that measures be taken to honour the occasion.

An exhibition of the painter's works which are in Soviet collections was organised in the USSR (it was supplemented by five more sent from France). This exhibition was on view at the Moscow Fine Arts Museum and the Leningrad Hermitage.

On these pages we show some of the wonderful paintings which





"Fruit and Bronze". Oil, canvas, 1916.

"The Blue Tablecloth".  
Oils, canvas. 1908.



grounds for his repudiation of the order. Certain of the figures, he claimed, were treated with insufficient modesty, which was impermissible in paintings that were to hang in his home, where two young girls were living. However, Shchukin subsequently accepted both panels.

Like "View from the Window.

"Red Fish". Oils, canvas.  
1911.



Tangiers" (part of the Moroccan triptych), "Fruit and Bronze" was acquired by I. A. Morozov.

"The Blue Tablecloth", bought by Shchukin, is not in Matisse's accustomed manner — the colours are unusually soft, the colour range muted.

The version of "Red Fish" shown here is the best known of







▲▲ "Bois de Boulogne". Oils, canvas, 1902.

It has still not been established whether this is the painting exhibited in 1904 under the title "Alley in the Bois de Boulogne".



▲▲ "Bunch of Flowers in a White Vase". Oils, canvas, 1909.

Another of the paintings bought by Shchubkin, and one of the few in which the artist used subdued colours.

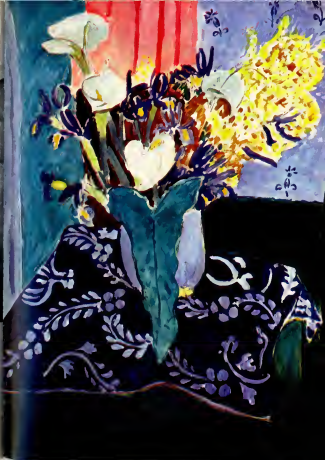
"Nymph and Satyr".  
Oils, canvas. 1913



ten done by the artist.

In "Nymph and Satyr", Matisse displays his power to convey swiftness of movement, whereas in the second of these two paintings he shows quite another gift — his decorative talent and his sensitivity to the art of the Orient; it was painted during his second visit to Morocco.

"Light Blue Flower  
Vase on a Dark Blue  
Tablecloth".  
Oils, canvas. 1913.



Continued from Page 135

## FLIGHT TO THE SUN

collective farm family and he was able to resume his beloved trade of truck driving.

Mikhail Devyatayev, Ivan Krivonogov and Mikhail Yemets also came home.

The flight on the Heinkel was Devyatayev's last. His tale was similar to the story told in the film *CLEAR SKIES*. Like the screen hero, Devyatayev bore the heavy weight of distrust, suspicion and investigations into the matter of his imprisonment and flight. But at last, as in the film, on his palm too, shone the richly deserved medal of Hero of the Soviet Union.

Eventually all the surviving participants or next-of-kin received the well-merited recognition of their exploit.

\* \* \*

Recently, a monument was unveiled on the island of Usedom, dedicated to the courageous feat of Mikhail Devyatayev and his comrades. Bands played, speeches were made and fresh flowers placed at the foot of the obelisk.

Today Devyatayev is the captain of a Rocket hydrofoil which plies the Volga. It, too, has wings, albeit underwater ones. And when the wind blows and the sun shines on his face, no doubt the captain sometimes recalls other years and other days.

## HAPPY COINCIDENCE

Today the management of the Volna Restaurant gave a warm welcome to its ten-thousandth client, who was given a free dinner and presented with a valuable gift. By a happy coincidence the ten-thousandth client was V. Samoilov, a food inspector who was visiting the restaurant in the performance of his official duties.

## ROMANCE WITH DOUBLE-BASS

"This damned shortsightedness!" exclaimed Igor Levkoyev when he found himself in bed one morning with his neighbour's double-bass.



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